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The Meteors.

VOLUME II.

Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.

Martial.

London :

PRINTED AND SOLD BY A. AND J. BLACK, AND H. PARRY,
LEADENHALL-STREET, AND H. D. SYMONDS,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

1800.



The Meteors.

Number 7.

Sit, iudices, sanctum apud vos HUMANISSIMOS HOMINES,
hoc poetæ nomen, quod nulla unquam barbaria violavit.

Cicero.

Authors are partial to their *Wit*, 'tis true;
But are not Critics to their *Judgment* too?

Pope.

London :

PRINTED AND SOLD BY A. AND J. BLACK,
LEADENHALL-STREET.

1800.



ADDRESS WITH THE SECOND VOLUME.

THE Public perhaps expect that, before we take our final leave we should make some little communication of our names and consequence; of the HOW and the WHY the *Meteors* were written; of the reasons which now influence their conclusion; and certain other particulars equally important: In all these particulars we cannot gratify them; but partially we will.

In the first place—We are firmly persuaded that our Work can receive no augmented value from the addition of our Names; and as we flatter ourselves, that we have introduced no immorality, nor favoured any doctrine of an equivocal nature, we have no consequences to apprehend (even were we to attract universal attention) that can be at all dangerous to the interests of virtue; and of course no responsibility that can induce us to think it our duty to publish by whom the *Meteors* have been written: We do not suppose that any persons will give themselves the trouble to enquire.

To the next question, How the *Meteors* were written—We believe it needless to inform their admirers, certainly needless to inform those who do not admire them, that they were neither generated in much

study, (though undoubtedly some were composed by the "midnight oil") nor nursed with a great deal of care. The bulk of the Work has been literally written for the press, and that too, in the intervals of public avocations of a laborious nature*.

This last morsel of information leads naturally to the question, WHY the *Meteors* were written? But will any one be hardy enough to ask, Why a man writes Poetry? It were as wise to ask why a man makes love! We never set out with an assumption of the *Est Deus in nobis*, but undoubtedly the worst Poets think they have some merit, and as the best have no better privilege than their more unfortunate brethren, to pre-judge their own claims to distinction, this question shall be left altogether to the candour and indulgence of our readers.

With respect to the conclusion of the Work at the present moment: It was never our intention to trespass on the patience of the Public beyond two Volumes.

We have only one word more to add: It is to those who have unremittingly encouraged our attempts to amuse them, and that word is---GRATITUDE.

* This will account for a greater number of *Errata* than we would willingly acknowledge.



TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Verses on the SIGH, the Verses from Hungerford, the Translation of an Ode, from Horace, and Owen Courtenay's two Poems are received.

CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTION.

ODE TO SPRING.

TRANSLATION OF THE LATIN VERSES IN THE
SIXTH NUMBER.

FAMILIAR SONNETS. THE LABOURER.

THE VILLAGE SABBATH.

THE INFANT.

THE FAREWELL.

THE STORM.

THE SHIPWRECK.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

FABLE. THE OWL, THE MAGPIE, THE THRUSH,
AND THE WREN.

THE SACRIFICE.

VERSES WRITTEN AT DONNINGTON CASTLE.

TRANSLATION FROM THE FRENCH.

SONNET TO CHARLOTTE SMITH.

CRAZY JANE'S EPITAPH.

EPIGRAM.



INTRODUCTION.

OLD Homer tells us, in his days
"Twas a *good thing* to wear the bays;
No party then enjoy'd rich fare,
Without a Poet in the chair;
Apollo's sons could never starve,
While princes took delight to carve,
Handed them *tit-bits* and *popes-eyes*,
And pour'd out wine in rich supplies;
Good manners then, no dainty shar'd,
"Till satisfied, " You've help'd the Bard i'

This point adjusted, they could dine,
And ev'ry hero pick'd his chine,
With now and then a bowl of wine.

The Bard he was not idle long,
 They call'd upon him for a song,
 In which he us'd to interweave
 As many truths as they'd believe.
 Perhaps some ancient hero's worth,
 Who could *lick* all the men on earth:
 Or some *chaste* damsel whose bright charms
 Made a God happy in her arms.
 And then the Bard was always able
 To find a likeness round the table.
 Next would he sing, in lofty verse,
 Whence sprang the Muse, and who her nurse,
 Her genealogy display,
 In many a sweetly soothing lay;
 Or else, in *modest* terms, describe
 The *merits* of the tuneful tribe.
 Lament how small a hero's fame,
 Unless the Muse record his name!
 How little deeds of arms avail,
 Without a lyre to tell the tale!
 That Bards themselves submit to time,
 But flourish in a brother's rhyme.

Such.



Such were the sons of song, of old,
 But now a diff'rent tale they're told,
 From ev'ry festive board debarr'd,
 Until the patron sends *a card*:
 The harp no longer introduces,
 Or serves one half its ancient uses.
 Since printing presses were invented,
 From chaunting, Poets are prevented,
 Which hurts their fortunes much indeed!
 So many people hate to read.

Fate dooms the Muse some vot'ries still,
 The lyre yielding to the quill;
 Some few who feel her sacred fire,
 And humbly wish to join the choir
 Of those, who strove in ev'ry age
 To lull the boistrous passion's rage,
 Check headlong vice in her career,
 Or steal a wrinkle from old care.

But now in Britain's isle alone
 The Muses rear their fav'rite throne ;
 Whilst war, o'er Europe's fairest fields,
 Too long his iron sceptre wields,
 With mad ambition leagu'd, to force
 Fair social order in her source ;
 And blind delusion hopes to gain
 Fresh triumphs in a gothic reign ;
 Since first unhappy France went forth,
 To spread her crimes o'er all the earth.
 Italia rescu'd, sad remains,
 To mourn her desolated plains ;
 But whilst in Rome the trophy'd stone
 Shall make a NELSON'S glories known,
 The grateful world, with one acclaim,
 Shall own Britannia's guardian name.

Long, Britain, may thy fame resound,
 Thy sons grow " heroes at the sound,"
 Till wild ambition's schemes be o'er,
 And anarchy be known no more !

And

And here the grateful Muse would fain
 Prolong the patriotic strain;
 But ah! she fears her timid lay
 Would ill the heartfelt tribute pay.
 'Tis her's to tune an humbler song,
 To mighty Bards great themes belong.
 But though, with more than mortal eyes,
 Great NEWTON once explor'd the skies,
 And saw the beauteous planets run
 Their course assign'd around the sun:
 Yet, uncondemn'd, with feebl' sight,
 May others search the fields of light;
 And if *one star* they can behold
 Immortal NEWTON left untold;
 If e'en a *Meteor* they descry
 Athwart the spacious concave fly,
 To tell the wonder to mankind
 They bless their fate as more than kind.

ODE TO SPRING.

Imitated from Horace, Lib. i. Od. iv.

FROM cloudless skies on zephyr's wing
Returns, in smiles, enchanting Spring;
And smooths the brow of care:
Again the sailor ploughs the main,
The shepherd's flocks adorn the plain,
And music rends the air.

By

By yon refulgent orb serene
 The graces, with their blooming queen,
 On frolic step advance;
 And, while immers'd in toil profound,
 Dull Vulcan fires his forge around,
 They form the sprightly dance.

Now is it meet in myrtle bowers,
 To braid the virgins locks with flowers,
 That grace the perfum'd land;
 And near yon consecrated grove,
 To sacrifice a kid to love,
 With unpolluted hand.

Time swiftly flies: resistless fate,
 Forbids us, in this transient state,
 To murmur at our lot:
 Since death, on rude impartial feet,
 Explores alike the Monarch's seat,
 As yon secluded cot.

And lo! arriv'd at Pluto's cell,
Condemn'd among his train to dwell,
In shades of endless night ;
No more shall Bacchus hold the bowl,
Or wit, or music, charm the soul,
Or beauty's power delight.

TRANSLA-

TRANSLATION

Of the Latin Verses in the Sixth Number.

COME under this tree, my dear Phillis,
With me lowly lie in its shade;
And we shall evade Amarillis,
While under its canopy laid.

Save Phillis, there's none I adore,
She alone strings with passion my lyre;
Then pity me, thee I implore,
Fairest nymph, that gives birth to desire.

When first I beheld the sweet maid
All alive to the motions of love,
I thought that her beauty betray'd
A goddess just sent from above.

While

While I greedily gaz'd on her charms
 Cupid wing'd a calamitous dart;
 Ever since for the fair strange alarms
 Have disturb'd my susceptible heart.

Yet Phillis is cruel, unkind,
 Nor will she my passion approve;
 The while I no solace can find;
 So sharp are the arrows of love!

I burn, ah! I burn in each vein,
 The tide of affection I feel;
 And my Muse shall in sorrowful strain
 Her scorn and my anguish reveal.

OWEN COURTENAY.

FAMI-

FAMILIAR SONNETS.

THE LABOURER.

WHY mark yon labourer's unceasing toil,
And wonder how he can the toil endure?
He, free from foreign or domestic broil,
Enjoys a life contented and secure.
While Providence still blesses him with health,
He envies not his neighbour's wide domain;
He sees, unmov'd, his still increasing wealth,
Nor feels a wish such treasure to obtain.
Blest is the labourer, while free from care,
He works contented with his daily hire;
And blest the meal his wife and children share,
In social converse round the cheerful fire;
No heartfelt anguish can their ease molest,
They rise to joy and sink to peaceful rest.

THE

THE VILLAGE SABBATH.

THE steeple bell proclaims the Sabbath morn,
The husbandman and family arise ;
The vicar, as he passes o'er the the lawn,
Views the sweet prospect with enraptur'd eyes ;
The eldest son, a prayer-book in his hand,
Calling his sister, lest she be too late,
While a sweet chubby boy can scarcely stand,
Hugging a bible, while he opes the gate.
Next comes his wife, array'd in blooming charms,
That bloom which nature bounteously supplies ;
A smiling rosy infant in her arms,
And Tray comes bounding by his master's side.
In slow procession to the church they move,
Examples of true piety and love.

THE

THE INFANT.

SWEET smiling prattler! how I love to view
The glowing tints of virtue in its youth,
The early sketch that bounteous nature drew,
Shaded by duty, piety, and truth.
How I delight to hear the infant tongue
Essay its parents knowledge to attain;
Attentive hear the hymn a mother sung,
And lisping echo back the sacred strain.
Hail ye! who make the minds of youth your care,
In British history's recording page,
The name of MOORE shall capitals declare,
The ornament and pattern of the age.
Then will her mem'ry claim a grateful tear
From all; to all her mem'ry must be dear.

THE

THE FAREWELL.

THE sun attains his full meridian pow'r,
In yonder garden view the charming scene,
The aged pair conversing in the bow'r,
Mary (their lovely daughter) sits between;
But ah! how keen now blows the eastern gale,
William comes bounding o'er the spacious lawn;
" My dearest love, behold the swelling sail,
" I leave my country ere tomorrow's dawn!"
" And is the cruel minute then so nigh,
" That tears a husband from my constant arms?"
He wipes the trickling tear from Mary's eye,
The tear that adds to nature's perfect charms.
They pause; in silent woe their parents view
The last embrace!—the tender, long adieu!

THE

THE STORM.

THE vessel scuds before the lively gale,
And William send a sigh to greet his love;
When lo! dread billows threaten to assail,
The tempest gathers, pending from above;
Each face betrays the sailor's anxious fear,
In vain they think on those they left behind;
A wife, a sweet-heart, or a parent dear,
Rock'd with the fury of the whistling wind.
And now the dreadful cry, "a leak is sprung!"
In wildest accents echoes from below;
The storm still rages; while from ev'ry tongue,
Despairing broken exclamations flow.
Oh, heavens! see! she sinks! yon mighty wave,
O'erwhelm'd, with William, many a comrade brave.

THE

THE SHIPWRECK.

BEHOLD yon desert island! view the the scene,
William at last has gain'd the barren shore;
Mid thoughts of rapture woe must intervene,
To think he ne'er shall see his Mary more.
Frantic he walks the little island round,
No vestige yet of human form appears;
He falls despairing on the barren ground,
While not one ray of hope his bosom cheers.
Three tedious days his sighs are lost in air,
While thoughts of Mary rack his tortur'd mind;
He raves—he kneels—he rises in despair,
When lo! a sail appears before the wind.
They make for shore, he joins them out to sea,
Each messmate melts in gen'rous sympathy.

VALEN-

VALENTINE'S DAY.

OF all the saints e'er canoniz'd,
One saint, by youth and beauty priz'd,
Above the rest will shine ;
So long as time renews the spring,
And each revolving year shall bring
Thy day, Saint Valentine!

While ev'ry warbler of the grove
Shall tune an artless note to Love,
And hail his pow'r benign ;
Fond youths shall make their passion known
And blushing maids, the influence own
Of gentle Valentine.

And 'twas on that auspicious morn,
 I, fancying first myself forlorn,
 Did all for love incline :
 'Twill cost (thought I) *two pence* at most
 To put into the *penny* post
 Dear Chloe's Valentine !

A heart my sportive pencil drew
 By Cupid's dart pierc'd through and through
 An emblem true of mine ;
 And sketch'd a pair of turtle doves,
 That billing, cooing, told their loves
 Without a Valentine.

The back ground shew'd a murm'ring flood
 By which a swain despairing stood
 And plumb'd it with a line ;
 " 'Twill do," he seem'd to say ; " my ghost
 " Shall give the fair no cause to boast,
 " She *tore* my Valentine."

- - Beside

Beside the stream a willow grew,
 A shepherd from its boughs withdrew
 Three yards of noosed twine ;
 Who seem'd, with coolness, to declare,
 " I think I'll put it off *this* year,
 " And wait next Valentine."

A distant prospect clos'd the scene
 Where nymphs and swains in pastures green
 Attended sheep and kine ;
 And danc'd, and frolic'd in the shade,
 And some, perhaps, were mothers made
 Before next Valentine.

I won the Muses to my aid,
 But recollect not what I said,
 No doubt it was divine ;
 The couplets all were neatly pen'd,
 And ev'ry stanza prais'd my friend,
 My prompter—Valentine.

But ah! my labours fled in air,
And never reach'd the destin'd fair!

But 'tis in vain to whine:
For Chloe's grandmama would go
To ope the door herself—and so
She had my Valentine!

This answer did she soon return
(What Chloe thought I ne'er could learn,)

“ All this is very fine!
“ You think me candid, Sir, I trust,
“ But next time send your rent-roll first,
“ And *then* your Valentine.”

FABLE.

FABLE.

THE OWL, THE MAGPIE, THE THRUSH, AND
THE WREN.

WOULD you a friend's good turn requite,
Reflect what most will give delight ;
Nor think, because the value's much,
That he *must* value it as such.
Is he a plain, well-meaning man,
Harmless, and does what good he can ?
Speaks country-English, loud, and broad,
And ne'er before "*gay Lunnun knaw'd,*"
Treat not, for mercy's sake, poor Joey,
With Banti's trill, or Park's oboe ;
But at White Conduit, swear " by goles,
" We'll go and have a game at bowls !"

Is he a man of real sense?
 Favours with proper zeal dispense.
 A golden snuff-box; paltry stuff!
 Provided he's no friend to snuff;
 A sword and bag; enough to scare one,
 Who has nor time nor place to wear one!
 In short, a favour that's conferr'd
 In manner or in gift absurd,
 Would be far better never granted,
 No favour 'tis, if 'tis not wanted.

A Wren, a Magpie, and a Thrush,
 Had built in an adjacent bush;
 Around a castle's antique gate,
 Where dwelt an Owl in solemn state:
 Friendship had form'd a lasting tie,
 All three to his protection fly.
 Oft had he sav'd them from the kite,
 Who thither bent her rav'nous flight;
 Oft had he chac'd the Hawk, and Crow,
 Each a voracious deadly foe;

And

And thus had been a friendly guard,
 Without a prospect of reward.
 These favours had not been forgot,
 And oft they mourn'd their helpless lot;
 Eagerly wishing for the day
 On which they might his love repay:
 One morn they met before his nest,
 The Magpie gayer than the rest,
 Their spokesman he. "Most bounteous friend,
 "Thy gracious ear a moment lend;
 "Long thy protection have we known,
 "To thee in time of danger flown;
 "And thou compassionately kind,
 "Gav'st comfort to the troubled mind;
 "Thou brav'dst the perils of the night,
 "And put the daring foe to flight.
 "Behold, thy grateful creatures, sue
 "To offer services to you.
 "Although we cannot but lament,
 "The deed falls short of the intent;
 "Yet, as we know thy gen'rous heart,
 "Fearless we offer each a part.

“ Witness, ye pow’rs ! how I rejoice
 “ To give my noble friend his choice
 “ Of treasures, such as mortal eye
 “ Rarely, (if ever,) chance to spy ;
 “ Which through a chink in yonder wall,
 “ I saw adorn a miser’s hall ;
 “ Bags heap’d on bags of shining gold,
 “ Made his eyes glisten as he told ;
 “ And pearls and jewels of a size
 “ That fill’d me with increas’d surprize.
 “ Easy ’twould be, my gen’rous friend,
 “ The shallow chimney to descend ;
 “ And pile by pile diminish slow,
 “ To make him wonder how they go.”

The Owl with patience heard him out,
 And to the Thrush then turn’d about :
 “ What not a word ?” said Mag, and sigh’d,
 “ O ! meanness, indolence, and pride !
 “ Must I of these my friend accuse,
 “ Why does he thus my zeal refuse ?”

The Thrush now tun'd its warbling throat,
 And hush'd poor Mag's complaining note;
 " Let me now offer, gracious friend !
 " What my poor gratitude can send ;
 " To-morrow, ere the night appears,
 " Ere thy sweet song the ev'ning cheers ;
 " Grain of all kinds around thy nest,
 " Shall lull a mother's care to rest.
 " No future toil thy young shall know,
 " But eat the treasure as they grow."

The Owl seem'd list'ning ; Thrush went on ;
 " When this, my forthy friend, I've done,
 " Moss, feathers, sticks, I'll bring to boot,"
 Owl nods, and gives a gentle hoot ;
 Turns to the Wren ; when thus began
 The little pensioner of man.
 " Gracious protector, all my store
 " I fear by this time is no more ;
 " I had amass'd a heap of grain,
 " But ah ! my toil has been in vain,

" For

“ For my industrious supplies
“ Are ravag’d by my enemies.
“ In yonder barn, around the heap,
“ Each night the mice in numbers creep ;
“ I see them oft and vainly cry :”
The Owl now op’d her drowsy eye,
And thus reply’d. “ Yon barn! What there
“ Dear creature! prithee shew me where.
“ You’ve amply paid me all my deeds ;
“ Each little robber quickly bleeds ;
“ Diamonds and Grain are nought to me,
“ A Mouse! delicious luxury!”

THE SACRIFICE.

THROUGHOUT the various change of mortal life,
Now ting'd with glowing summer's glossy hues,
Now with the winter's ravage all deform'd,
Place thy reliance on the LIVING GOD.
Th' extended arm of Providence shall save
Thy righteousness from harm, e'en though the grasp
Obdurate of despair shall heavy lie
Upon thy sick'ning soul : or when the tide
Of flush'd prosperity too swiftly rolls,
The same interference shall check its course
Which leads to dreadful danger. Thus, of old,
The Patriarch Abraham thought, and thus he
learn'd
That man's first duty in this world of woe,
Is strict submission to the holy will.

From

From Canaan's plains the sun withdrew his rays,
 That western nations might his bounty share,
 When Abraham having pass'd the ev'ning hour
 In lofty contemplation, as the chief,
 He, in the bosom of his family
 Breath'd forth those pray'rs which never seek in
 vain
 The throne of mercy: then, with thought serene,
 Betook himself to rest.

The night was still ;

No restless winds disturb'd the noiseless plains
 With their wild howlings; no o'erwhelming rain
 Pour'd down in torrents; nor the lightnings shafts
 Glar'd through the vast horizon. 'Twas a sweet,
 A soothing night, such as delights the soul
 Of thoughtful love, retiring from all eyes,
 In fond idea to dwell upon the charms
 Of her who fir'd his soul. The land which flow'd
 With milk and honey, which gave birth to groves
 Dispensing all the fragranc'y which e'er
 In any age or country gladden'd sense,

On

On that blest night perfum'd the zephyr's wings.
 With more than custom'd sweetness; nor defil'd
 By the pure breath of Abraham's bleating flocks
 Strew'd o'er the unfenc'd fields. All nature lay
 In silent rev'rence of the works of heav'n
 So dimly seen on earth. The Patriarch slept
 As virtue sleeps, the thorns of guilt unknown
 To his repose; but, ere the morning dawn'd,
 What grief assail'd him! What deep sorrows bade
 His big heart swell to bursting! Blest with all
 Which mortals deem felicity, it pleas'd
 Th' All-wise Omnipotence to try his faith
 E'en in his choicest treasure, shorn of which
 All else was worthless. 'Twas the voice of GOD
 Which sounded in his ear: "Arise betimes!
 "Abraham arise! and take thine only son,
 "Him whom thy soul delights in; get thee up
 "Into the land of Moriah; offer there,
 "Thy promis'd son upon the mountain's top."

Abraham arose, and for awhile unloos'd

It's

His natural feelings; one unbounded grief
Possess'd them, and he wept his childless age.

But who shall search th' inscrutable will?
'Twas God that gave him Isaac, and demands
To have him now restor'd—God's will be done.
With heavy heart the Patriarch left his couch,
And sought the morning air. With eyes that bent
A steady gaze to heaven, and with arms
Extended, he implor'd for courage, strength,
And constancy, in that terrific hour
When, in performing the divine command,
He must, relentless, slay his only son.
The prayer compos'd his passion: He prepar'd
With fixed purpose for the awful deed
Enjoin'd him by his God. Two chosen youths
Of those who serv'd him, were assign'd the task
To smooth the toil of travel. Isaac's heart
Bounded in youthful joy; as yet no care,
No grief had touch'd it; sorrow had not wean'd
His senses from delight, nor deem'd he ought

Of

Of peril on the gloomy mountain's height
 In neighb'ring Moriah. To his aged sire
 His beaming features all express'd his thanks,
 Exulting, that he now was worthy thought
 To tend the holy sacrifice: e'en so
 The altar's destin'd victim joys to gore
 The bark of some old cedar, when his horns
 First sprouting from his surly front denote
 His lusty prowess. Two successive days
 They journey'd from their home, when on the third
 At distance they beheld the mountain rise,
 And pleas'd the youth observ'd it; but it struck
 A chilly damp to the paternal heart,
 And o'er the Patriarch's venerable frame
 Diffus'd a deadly languor: their approach
 So near the spot where all his hopes must cease
 Of future nations springing from his loins,
 Awak'd each pang of grief, and as he view'd
 The fair proportion of his blooming son,
 The tear perforce ran down his furrow'd cheek,
 And wept the fall of so much loveliness.
 But recollection of th' impressive voice

Which

Which visited his sleep restrain'd the flow
 Of useless sorrow, and the father stood
 In firm unshaken duty: thus he spoke.

“ My son, we now approach the lofty mount

“ Selected by God's own particular will

“ For our Sacrifice; its fits that we

“ Alone prepare it, for, from us alone

“ Has God required it.” The servant youths

He then forbade to follow on their steps;

Devoted Isaac bore the wood prepar'd,

While Abraham grasp'd the sacrificial knife,

And blazing brand to set the pile in flames.

Onward they pac'd, and soon, with lab'ring steps,
 They climb'd the steep acclivity; beguil'd
 To Isaac by the various charms display'd
 In nature's sportive fancy. Here a vast,
 Stupendous mass of rock bent o'er the side,
 And seem'd inclin'd to leave its parent earth
 To crush the plain below: here stood, uniform'd
 By any human art, a grotto cool,
 As if prepar'd to solace him who track'd

The

The mountain's rugged paths; there gurgling ran
 A stream refreshing, here a torrent roar'd.
 But not the huge stupendous mass of rock,
 Nor cooling grotto, nor refreshing stream,
 Nor e'en the rapid torrent's dreadful roar,
 Attracted Abraham's senses: wrapt in thought
 The contemplative Patriarch mov'd along,
 His soul engross'd by heaven: Isaac's voice
 Broke on his solemn musing. With a tone
 Expressive of affection, he pronounc'd,
 " My father"—" Here I am, my son," reply'd
 The sage rever'd. Behold," the son rejoin'd
 " The fire and the wood, but not the lamb
 " Design'd for off'ring." Abraham's heart sunk
 down,
 Nor could he utter more than " God, my son—
 " God will provide himself a worthy off'ring."

And now they reach'd the elevated plain
 The mountain's top afforded; now they plac'd
 The well cleft wood in order, and prepar'd

For holy rites; but still no lamb appear'd.
 With eyes suffus'd in tears, the father gaz'd
 Upon the blooming Isaac; on his neck
 He fell, and wept aloud. The astonish'd youth
 Beheld the sudden wonder, and besought
 To know the cause. 'Twas long ere Abraham
 spoke:

Struggling with grief, at last he thus exclaim'd:
 “ Son of my sinking age; my promis'd son!
 “ For whose auspicious birth I hourly pray'd;
 “ For whom, when born, I offer'd up to heav'n
 “ The warmest transports of a grateful heart,
 “ With what sensations have I mark'd thy growth
 “ In ev'ry grace and virtue! None can speak,
 “ None can conceive a semblance of my bliss,
 “ But who have borne, as I have, years of hope
 “ Completed unexpectedly. I gaz'd
 “ With half-believing wonder, when thy smiles
 “ First hail'd me father; for paternal love
 “ Discerns expression, sentiment, and thought,
 “ While yet the infant scarce has seen the day.
 “ But when in youthful strength thy active speed

“ Vied

" Vied with the dromedary's; when each day
 " Brought forth some witness of thy noble heart
 " Gen'rous and just; in silent thought I sent
 " My thanks to heav'n, and to my aged breast
 " I clasp'd thee. But these joys are past—Alone
 " I leave this mountain. Isaac! oh, my son!
 " Thy hours are number'd! Here, upon this
 mount
 " Thy God requires thee! 'Tis not a lamb
 " That bleeds this day, but 'tis a sacrifice
 " As innocent. Thou! thou, my son! must yield
 " Thyself the offering! 'Tis God commands."
 He ceas'd: as when, with joyful heart,
 The faithful partner of some rustic's toil,
 While on the flow'ry plains he leads his flocks
 To crop the fragrant thyme, provides to greet
 His long'd return, the wholesome cottage fare;
 When, as she most expects him, she beholds
 Another come to tell his hapless fate;
 How deep the chalky pit in which he fell,
 And how his death was certain; all subdu'd
 In dumb surprize she stands: so stood the lost

Woe-stricken Isaac—but, when sense return'd,
 Down at his father's knees the victim fell,
 And supplicated mercy with his tears.
 But now the Patriarch's soul sublimely rous'd
 By holy fervor, to his son he seem'd
 As something more than human. Pious zeal
 For God's commandments in his features shone,
 And, faithful to the trial, thus he spoke:
 " Arise! my son, nor let thy weakness stain
 " The merit of the goodly sacrifice,
 " For goodly must that be which God demands
 " From our performance. Though thy life be short,
 " Haply, 'tis not less blissful; longest years
 " Oft generate the longest misery,
 " And, shadows as we are upon the earth,
 " That which is shortest, covers the least space
 " Of human evil. Never have I swerv'd
 " From God's express'd commands: that still I am
 " The same in faithful duty must be prov'd
 " This day: thy blood must witness for my truth."

In

In pity to the youth, a ray divine
 Of happy visions nerv'd him for the fate
 Expected from his father's arm : hope fled
 From earth to heav'n, and patience took her place.
 Then to the altar unresisting led
 His rosy limbs were bound ; nor lovelier look'd
 In after times, that hapless Grecian maid
 Doom'd at Diana's shrine to yield her blood,
 Devoted by a rash inhuman vow.

With eyes averted from his beauteous son,
 Abraham the steel uprais'd ; when instant roll'd
 Loud thunders o'er the blue ethereal space,
 While from the bursting heavens swiftly rush'd
 The angel of the Lord, and stay'd his arm.

“ Cease, Abraham, cease ! ” he cry'd, “ FOR NOW

I KNOW

“ THOU FEAREST GOD, SINCE THOU HAST NOT
 WITHHELD

“ THY SON, THINE ONLY SON. Lift up thine eyes ;

“ See where the tangled brake restrains the ram

“ That pants to bound along the mountain's steep ;

“ Him seize and sacrifice. Farewell, thou just

“ And

“ And faithful man: thy God shall bless thy age;
“ Countless, as stars in heaven, or as the sand
“ Which glitters by the briny wave, thy seed
“ Shall multiply, and shall possess the gate
“ Of all his enemies; in thee shall all
“ The nations of the earth be blest.” He said,
And to the heavens speeded back his flight.

VERSES

VERSES

Written at Donnington Castle, near Newbury, in
Berkshire, in 1799.

TO trace the reliques of ancestral power,
Where mould'ring turrets mark its proud decay;
Beneath those shades I pass eve's silent hour,
For calm reflection shuns the face of day.

Here sweetest scenes allure th' observant eye,
Here many a pleasant landskape is display'd;
While the sun's parting rays illumine the sky,
And gleam relucient through the checquer'd shade.

On this lov'd spot a *Chaucer* tun'd his lyre,
Th' enlighten'd Poet of a barb'rous age;
Here form'd the comic tales we still admire,
Tales e'en applauded in a Johnson's * page.

* See Johnson's Lives of the Poets.

Nor distant far did gallant Faulkland * fall,
 Whose country's ruin pierc'd the hero's breast,
 Inflicting wounds more painful than the ball
 That prov'd his passport to a place of rest.

In vain he fell! in whom each grace combin'd,
 Nor could his death rebellious ire assuage;
 Nor paus'd the victors till a king resign'd
 His royal life to satiate brutal rage.

Ah, deathful period! whose dire scenes renew'd
 With added guilt, now stains the *Gallic* name;
 Where murd'rous hands in regal blood imbru'd,
 Boast of their crimes, and glory in their shame.

Say—Is it there fair Liberty is trac'd,
 Where wealth alone their stern decrees explore;
 Where rich, but guiltless victims fall disgrac'd
 While blushing justice flies the hated shore?

* See History of England, Reign of Charles II.

And yet deluded Britons still are found
 Who dare to wish the insanguin'd crew success ;
 Ingrates ! the name of King should sweetly sound
 Where Brunswick's virtues his glad subjects bless.

Urge then no more ; my Muse, th' unpleasing theme,
 But hope again to taste the sweets of peace ;
 Should heav'n propitious blast each wicked scheme,
 And restless anarchy and faction cease.

Gloucester.

From the French.

SAY Strephon, canst thou feel delight
 To wound a breast by faith undone ?
 So soon can Strephon love and slight,
 And leave at length the heart he's won !
 Ah, cruel shepherd, thus to prove
 The fatal force of hope's decay !
 To swear a golden age of love,
 And then forsake me in a day !

Will o' the Wisp.

* D

SONNET

SONNET TO CHARLOTTE SMITH.

SPIRIT of gentleness ! whose liquid song
In such sweet numbers to my soul has flown,
That in thy griefs I've oft forgot my own ;
Come, minstrel mild, and with thee bring along
The melancholy lyre ;
That touch'd by thee such fervor shall infuse,
That kindred passions shall our bosoms fire,
And sister sorrows supplicate the Muse.
Be our's the pensive luxury to prove
The sense that gives for other's ills to mourn,
The sigh compassion heaves for hopeless love,
The tear that pity sheds upon its urn,
So may we learn the ills of life t' endure,
So soothe those sorrows which we cannot cure.

Will o' the Wisp.

CRAZY

CRAZY JANE's EPITAPH,

THE passing bell no longer toll'd,
And Crazy Jane in earth repos'd;
Her once sweet lips were pale and cold,
Her once bright eyes for ever clos'd.
The mournful crowd press on to see
The rude-carv'd lines on yonder tree;
And oft shall their sad theme obtain
A pitying tear for Crazy Jane.

“ Here lies, the shapeless turf beneath,
“ A lovely form in humble bed ;
“ Where should have bloom'd the flowry wreath,
“ The willow waves its drooping head.
“ She sank a prey to hopeless love,
“ Trav'ler, thy roving step restrain ;
“ If the sad truth thy pity move,
“ One pitying tear give Crazy Jane”

THE

EPIGRAM.

THE CREMONA.

DIVINE Performer! words are weak,
To praise the master-touch you give;
He makes the Fiddle almost speak!
A true Cremona as I live!
Bless me, thought Tom, what's this about?
(Tom made the Fiddle in the Strand:)
It's well it does not *quite* speak out,
'Twould spoil a plenteous stock in hand.

The Meteors.

Number 8.

Sit, iudices, sanctum apud vos HUMANISSIMOS HOMINES,
hoc poetæ nomen, quod nulla unquam barbaria violavit.

Cicero.

Authors are partial to their *Wit*, 'tis true;
But are not Critics to their *Judgment* too?

Pope.

London :

PRINTED AND SOLD BY A. AND J. BLACK,
LEADENHALL-STREET.

1800.

P
lib

be

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IF B. H. will have the goodness to send to our Publisher, he will find a note that we have taken the liberty of addressing to him.

We have also addressed a note to C. F. if he will be kind enough to send for it.

CON-

CONTENTS.

VARIETY.

THE KNIGHT.

THE NEGRO'S IMPRECATION.

TO THE TOBACCO PIPE.

THE WREATH.

CUPID.

ODE TO FREEDOM.

VERSES ON FRIENDSHIP.

THE PARTING. A CANTATA.

FAMILIAR SONNETS. THE SKAITER.

THE SKYLARK.

THE HARE.

TO THE FOWLER.

AGE.

TO SLEEP.

THE COQUET.

MUSIC.

TO MY FLUTE.

TO THE SUN.

JEALOUSY. A BALLAD.

THE MORALIST.

EPIGRAM.

VARIETY.

DE gustibus non est disputandum,
Which means we tune our lyre at random;
Now in soft movements, now in strong,
And charm you with a *various* song;
We will not further *pro* and *con* it,
But hasten to the following

SONNET.

O, SWEET VARIETY, thy charms bestow!
For ever found the harbinger of joy,
In thee the liveliest hues of nature glow,
Without thee mortal labours fade and cloy.

But come, with chasten'd judgment in thy train,
 Capricious novelty leave far behind ;
For fancy's flow'rs and thine unite in vain,
 Unless by sober judgment's hand intwin'd :
And may simplicity attend thy side,
 To join her sylvan notes to ev'ry lay,
Simplicity to nature still ally'd,
 Shall teach imagination where to stray :
So shall the sportive Muse still haunt thy bow'r,
And lead attention captive to thy pow'r.

THE KNIGHT.

SOUND, sound the clarion once more !

Too long yon banners fan the air ;
Those hostile tow'rs shall soon restore
From thraldom, Clara, matchless fair !

If e'er your gen'ral's voice and deeds
To certain conquest led you on ;
This day accurs'd Gonsalvez bleeds,
Another victory is won !

Recreant to honour and to arms,
The fair one to his vows deny'd ;
He snatch'd, in all her blooming charms,
By fraud, Alphonso's destin'd bride.

Immur'd in yonder lonely tow'r,
My love beholds her beauties fade;
In silent hope she waits the hour
That brings us, warriors! to her aid.

Sound, sound the martial charge again!
Grasp ev'ry spear, unsheath the sword;
All further parley proves in vain,
Revenge, and Clara, be the word!

THE NEGRO'S IMPRECATION.

NOW had Selene climb'd her argent throne,
And in the east with peerless splendor shone ;
The clouds of heaven awhile forgot to rove,
And not a zephyr fann'd the plantain grove ;
Each living orb that through the blue profound
Of trackless ether runs its mazy round,
On the hush'd earth its placid glories shed,
When Oyco, starting from his rushy bed,
All wet with tears, from sleep perturb'd awoke,
And, breathing many a curse, these solemn ac-
cents spoke :

Tyrant vile! The Negro's foe!
Thou who boast'st the skin of snow,

E 3

And

And the lips of coral hue ;
 Thou whose veins are ting'd with blue * ;
 Curst oppressor ! Monster foul !
 Thou who riot'st o'er the bowl,
 Whilst thy vassals, heirs of pain,
 Hopeless drag the galling chain ;
 Thy fate thou soon shalt meet !
 Ere again the planets shine,
 Fell perdition shall be thine ;
 Thine, despair of frantic mien,
 Thine, corporeal tortures keen,
 Thine, the terror-stricken soul,
 Thine, the eyes that wildly roll ;
 Till the work of death be done,
 And thy course of triumph run,
 Our vengeance be compleat !

* It is worthy of remark, that the blue veins of European natives have always at first appeared strange to the Indians, who considered it as a new mode of *tattooing*, or painting.

Think'st thou the God thou taught'st me to revere,
 The God (thou said'st) who dwells enshrin'd above,
 Heeds not the wrongs poor Oyeo suffers here?
 But on *thy* cruel tribe looks down with *partial* love?

Spirits of the sable dead!
 Ye that once in sorrow bled;
 Ye that once, with struggling breath,
 Welcom'd glad the stroke of death;
 Ye that oft, when day's last beam
 Gilds no more the western stream,
 Shrouded in night's mystic veil,
 On the wind's broad pinions sail
 Along the sombre skies!

Spirits! mark the white man's doom,
 Issuing forth from time's dark womb!
 Spirits! to his startled ear,
 Yelling tones of horror bear!
 Hover round his couch of rest,
 Visions dire his soul molest!
 Spirits of our brethren! hear,
 And from viewless depths of air
 Arise! arise! arise!

“The hour is come!” So Liberty proclaims,
As from yon hills methinks she bends her way;
And pointing to the tyrant’s couch, exclaims—
“Oyeo! revenge! revenge! Lo there thy des-
tin’d prey!”

Lynn.

W. C.

TO THE TOBACCO PIPE.

DEAR piece of fascinating clay!
'Tis thine to smooth life's rugged way,
To give a happiness unknown,
To those—who let a pipe alone;
Thy tube can best the vapours chase,
By raising—others in their place;
Can give the face staid wisdom's air,
And teach the lips—to ope with care;
'Tis hence thou art the truest friend,
(Where least is said there's least to mend,)
And he who ventures many a joke
Had better oft be still and smoke.

Whatever giddy foplings think,
Thou giv'st the highest zest to drink;

When

When fragrant clouds thy fumes exhale,
 And hover round the nut-brown ale,
 Who thinks of claret or champagne?
 E'en burgundy were pour'd in vain!

'Tis not in city smoke alone,
 Midst fogs and glooms thy charms are known.
 With thee, at morn, the rustic swain
 Tracks o'er the snow-besprinkled plain,
 To seek some neighb'ring copse's side,
 And rob the woodlands of their pride;
 With thee, companion of his toil,
 His active spirits ne'er recoil;
 Though hard his daily task assign'd,
 He bears it with an equal mind.

The fisher, 'board some little bark,
 When all around is drear and dark,
 With shorten'd pipe beguiles the hour,
 Though bleak the wind, and cold the show'r;
 Nôr thinks the morn's approach too slow,
 Regardless of what tempests blow.

Midst

Midst hills of sand, midst ditches, dykes,
 Midst cannons, muskets, halberts, pikes;
 With thee, as still, Mynheer can stay,
 As Neddy 'twixt two wisps of hay;
 Heedless of Britain and of France,
 Smokes on—and looks to the main chance..

And sure the solace thou canst give,
 Must make thy fame unrivall'd live,
 So long as men can temper clay,
 (For as thou art, e'en so are they,)
 The sun mature the indian weed,
 And rolling years fresh sorrows breed!

THE

THE WREATH.

YE shepherds tell me, have ye seen
My Flora pass this way?
In shape and feature beauty's queen,
In pastoral array.

A Wreath around her head she wore,
Of lily, pink, and rose;
And in her hand a crook she bore,
And sweets her breath compose.

The beautiful Wreath that decks her head,
Gives her description true;
Hands, lily white, lips, crimson red,
And cheeks of rosy hue.

CUPID.

CUPID*.

IN boyish shape and wanton face,
With skilful truth the painters grace
Cupid, god of heav'n and earth,
Sire of sorrow, sire of mirth!
His childish years are aptly drawn;
The time for love is reason's dawn;
When the goddess careless plays,
And basks in Cupid's golden days.
As drawn, the god triumphant stands,
While arrows load his baby hands;
Across his shoulders quivers swing,
Closely tied 'tween either wing:
And hence it is, that none depart
Free from Cupid's feath'ry dart;

* The materials with which this Bagatelle is composed,
may be met with in Propertius.

For should they guard their hearts with gold,
 With arts, and magic spells untold,
 Yet, in his wings aerial drest,
 He flies unseen into the breast.

Still as erst I've often seen,
 The god is young in face and mien;
 His years are few, for well I know
 Youth alone can love bestow;
 And still the god has darts in store,
 For now I feel them more and more;
 His quivers, too, exhaustless give
 Another dart each hour I live,
 For ev'ry hour I Silvia see
 She still has looks reserv'd for me;
 And what are looks from such a fair
 But arrows darting sweetest care?
 Wings he had, but they are gone
 To heav'n, to sea, or acheron;
 For them I never could behold,
 Since first he shot his dart of gold.

OWEN COURTENAY.

ODE

ODE TO FREEDOM.

WHILE yet to sage Minerva's walls
Fair Freedom fondly clung,
The shadowy groves, and high-arch'd halls,
With all her genius rung:
But when as lawless vices led
The desolating factions spread
Fraud and injustice round;
Her stern disdain
Was sued in vain,
She sought where Rome on seven hills uprear'd
Her turrets, through successive time rever'd,
And spurn'd Athenian ground.

But when from midst his vanquish'd foes
The proud insulting tyrant rose,

Trampling

Trampling on the good and great,
 Whose necks were bow'd before his throne;
 (Not long he triumph'd o'er the state,
 Not long in regal lustre shone,)
 Unsheath'd the weapons gleam'd:
 But not among
 The dreadful throng
 Of leagu'd assassins e'er did Freedom wave
 Her standard, yet how cheering to the brave,
 At Marathon it stream'd!

Though Cæsar fell, oppression's scourge
 Still rul'd o'er Rome's subjected race,
 New tyrants from ambition's verge
 Rush'd to their ruin and disgrace:
 Then onward pour'd, with giant cries,
 Rebounding from the vaulted skies,
 The rude enormous hosts;
 Their chief the choice
 Of ev'ry voice,
 With barbarous Freedom, see! he boasts his force,
 While shrieks and yells resound from Po's swift course,
 To rich Sicilia's coasts.

Now

Now, where shall mournful Freedom turn!
 What nations shall her maxims learn!
 Inspir'd by her, Who now shall trace
 The people's rights—the nobles place!
 What Monarch for the public weal
 Shall with his subjects think and feel,
 And in their bosoms reign!

A distant isle

Wins Freedom's smile,

See where she calls great ALFRED to the throne!
 See her, through three wide realms exulting own
 GEORGE, Sov'reign of the main!

VERSES ON FRIENDSHIP.

ADDRESSED TO DELIA.

The friends thou hast, and their allegiance tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel.

SHAKESPEAR.

AMID the transient joys below
That human life attend,
How few, dear girl, are born to know
The comfort of a Friend!

While fortune smiles, and pomp and state
The wealthy purse portend,
And all conspire to make us great,
We seldom want a Friend.

But

But should grim poverty, the mind
 Beneath its pressure bend,
 Should want assail us, then we find
 How rare a faithful Friend!

Lo! on the rose, in perfect bloom,
 The honey'd race descend,
 And as they revel in perfume
 Each wand'rer seems a Friend.

But should some rude, disastrous show'r,
 Its blushing honours rend,
 It droops, and from the faded flow'r
 Departs "the Summer Friend."

Delia, while beauty, grace, and youth,
 Shall all thy footsteps tend,
 While all admire—forbid it, truth,
 That thou should'st need a Friend.

Yet deem not him, array'd in smiles,
To gain some worthless end,
Who thought in pleasure's maze beguiles
The flatterer as a Friend.

But he who soothes when cares oppress,
Who aids, when ills impend,
Whose liberal hand prevents distress,
Such is a real Friend.

And such, heaven grant, when angry time,
Thy power to please shall end,
Thou mayst *enjoy*, as in thy prime,
But never *want* a Friend.

THE PARTING.

A CANTATA;

From the Italian of Metastasio.

All me! again Fileno dear,
Returns in smiles the vernal year;
See! see around what flow'rets bloom!
The woods their wonted hues resume,
While zephyr, fav'rite child of spring,
Flutters around on balmy wing:
Again the season wakes to arms,
Again recalls to wars alarms;
Again her love must Delia mourn,
Again be wretched and forlorn!

AIR.

Oh, cease ye soft salubrious gales
 To fan th' encircling air;
 Ye fragrant flow'rs to grace the vales
 In beauty's robes forbear!
 Alas! each flow'r that scents the plain,
 Each breeze that wakes the grove,
 My bosom fills with anxious pain,
 And tears me from my love.

Accurs'd the wretch whose cruel art
 For battle fram'd the spear and dart;
 Who first the cannon's form design'd,
 To hurl destruction on mankind;
 Heav'n grant around his hapless tomb,
 No shrub may rear, no flow'ret bloom,
 But ghosts and spectres haunt the shade,
 Where, lost to peace, his dust is laid.

But hark! what sounds assail my ears,
 And wake a thousand tender fears;

The trumpet's clangour rends my heart!
 The hour is come:—we now must part.
 Yet, yet awhile beloved stay!
 Ah, why thus eager for the fray?
 Alas! can nought thy steps retain?
 Then go, immortal wreaths to gain:
 My passion in this transport view,
 One kind embrace, dear youth, adieu!

AIR.

Go, lovely youth, and may renown
 On Gallia's shores thy temples crown;
 Yet in thy bosom ever bear
 The image of a constant fair.
 And lo! where'er thy footsteps stray,
 Where'er thou wast'st the tedious day,
 Oh, sometimes heave a sigh for me,
 Whose very soul is fix'd on thee. * *

FAMILIAR SONNETS.

THE SKAITER.

GLIDING like zephyr ever on the wing,
Save the light track upon the path imprest,
The Skaiter sports as fancy dictates best,
And finds in winter all the charms of spring;
The branches each in hoary garb array'd,
Inventive fancy paints a lively green,
The sun's majestic radiance gilds the scene,
Beaming mild lustre on the dewy glade,
As on the ice they sail with thoughtless air,
Skimming the surface with renew'd delight,
So pleasure shines to the enraptur'd sight,
And bids each glowing bosom banish care.
Press not the flow'ry way; delusive bliss!
Beneath the surface yawns the dread abyss.

THE

THE SKYLARK.

WHAT heav'nly sounds now float upon the gale?
Sweetly melodious is each dulcet strain;
The grateful Skylark bids the morning hail,
And echo wafts the music o'er the plain.
When golden rays of beauty tinge the east,
When to their duty rush the village throng,
Then the gay Lark prepares her vocal feast,
And wakens echo with her tuneful song.
She lures the drowsy ploughboy from the cot,
And cheers him with her heart-enliv'ning theme;
The once lamented hardships are forgot,
He gayly whistles, as he drives his team.
Sweet chorister! whose soul-inspiring lay
First lulls complaint, then teaches to be gay.

THE HARE.

WHY do I ask, why pants thy smoaking steed?
I see the harmless victim of thy toil;
And of the clam'rous chace is this the spoil?
This the pursuit of unremitting speed?
And are ye men, whose hearts, by nature kind,
Can soften poverty's o'erwhelming woe,
Can joy, the balm of comfort to bestow,
And yet to tears of speechless sorrow blind?
Sweet sympathy relieves the human breast
When sorrow tells it's melancholy tale;
But ah! no plaintive groan, no sighs avail,
From the faint voice of innocence opprest!
Ah, Britons! let stern war your valour know,
But spare the helpless, whether friend or foe.

TO THE FOWLER.

TURN, fierce disturber of the tranquil scene,
For pity, ah! the fatal tube remove!
While nature reigns in majesty serene,
And softest music warbles through the grove.
The bird of solitude it's plaintive note
Prepares; high perch'd in solitary state,
The Blackbird swells it's full melodious throat,
Chaunting an ev'ning ditty to it's mate.
And could you violate soft pity's ties?
Could you invade the calm abode of peace?
Question your heart; humanity replies,
"At mercy's dictates tyranny should cease."
The choristers thy mercy will repay,
And grateful harmony will swell the lay.

AGE.

A G E.

CALM is the eve of life ; when on the mind
Bursts the sweet scene of retrospective joy,
The happy grandsire clasps his cherub boy ;

His years, the dawn of virtue pleas'd to find,

The infant girl his aged partner sees ;

Her daughter's loveliness delights to trace
In ev'ry feature of it's smiling face,

While both in frolic gambol round their knees.

Their hearts feel pleasure's renovating glow,
And conscience can pronounce the rapture pure ;
For lives of early piety secure

The greatest bliss creation can bestow.

To meet each moment, as it were the last ;

Trusting the future ; happy in the past.

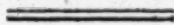
TO SLEEP.

FRIEND to the wretched! whose resistless sway
Can lull heart-piercing misery to rest ;
At whose approach woe's accents die away,
And mild serenity pervades the breast :
O gentle Sleep! thy sov'reignty display,
Upon thy bosom be my griefs imprest ;
Let anguish cease with night, and op'ning day
Find me of tranquil happiness possest.
Who calls thee enemy ? who dreads thy pow'r ?
The wretch whose conscience racks him with de-
spair,
Thy blessings seldom on the guilty show'r
Phantoms of horror float upon the air,
If e'er the murderer his eye would close,
And stern terrific visions fright repose.

THE

THE COQUET,

(To her Looking-Glass, in a Moment of Reflection.)



EMBLEM of candour! beauteous toy! to thee
I haste with eager eye, the truth to know;
In thy bright face sincerity I see,
From thy unsully'd lips no flatt'ries flow.
Ah! faithful copyist! still may'st thou be
Friend to my sorrow, soother of my woe!
Still teach supreme felicity to me,
And ev'ry study'd art I'll pleas'd forego.
Why do I listen? Why delight to hear
Praises beyond the bounds to mortals due?
Alas! because thou art not ever near
To paint me artless; ev'ry feature true.
Off, off ye borrow'd charms, ye charm no more!
Fair nature's dictates I'll from hence adore.

MUSIC.

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MUSIC.

HAIL! thou sweet solace of oppression's woe!
Soother of sorrow; vanquisher of care!
Thou charm'st the tear; thou bid'st it cease to flow,
And drivest to oblivion dark despair.
Thou giv'st sad melancholy's child to know
Thy pow'rful influence; teaching it to bear
Those ills which fortune will on all bestow,
Blending with sorrow, of thy charms, a share.
Thy harmony ascending to the sky;
Thou reignest; undiminish'd by controul
'Tis thine to lull the mourner's frequent sigh,
And raise, with magic bliss, the sinking soul.
How gloomy must that wretched bosom be
Dead to the sounds of cheering melody!

TO MY FLUTE.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

SWEET harmonist! no more thou charm'st mine
ear;

Once pleasing warbler! hence! neglected lie;
Soft sounds of melody no more I hear,

Plaintive resounds woe's never-ceasing sigh.
See the procession solemnly appear!

Mark! to yon grave their trembling footsteps lie;
A faded blossom decks the sable bier,

The tender flow'ret bloom'd, alas! to die.
Yet stay, my flute; thy tones can best convey

The grief my bosom labours to express;
My sighs shall teach thy trembling notes the lay

Of hopeless woe, of comfortless distress.
Thy harmony shall soothe the pang of grief;

And sympathetic sorrow yield relief.

HAIL
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TO THE SUN.

HAIL! glorious orb! bright sov'reign of the day!

Whose lustre wakes the drowsy gloom of night;
An awful majesty thy beams display,

Commanding wonder, while they yield delight.

Thy genial warmth; thy animating ray,

Sheds on the luscious fruit its glowing light;

Creates the tint luxuriously gay,

That shines perfection to the raptur'd sight.

When torrents inundate the fertile field,

Thou cheer'st and raisest ev'ry drooping ear;

Destructive tempests to thy influence yield,

All quit thy presence—save the morning tear

That on the grain in sparkling brightness lies,

And glittering, a gem unequal'd, dies.

JEALOUSY;

A BALLAD.

———— A green-eyed monster, that doth mock
The food it feeds on.

OTHELLO.

=====

“ PERHAPS, not merely war’s alarms,”
Exclaim’d the wily page,
“ Have snatch’d a husband from those arms.
“ To dare the battle’s rage.

“ The royal camp boasts ladies fair,
“ As well as gallant knights ;
“ There, beauty’s chains the bravest wear,
“ And love to arms invites.”

Tw

Two anxious months had flown away
 Since Harold left the dame;
 Affection thought each hour a day,
 No promis'd tidings came.

Conflicting torments rend her breast,
 And time augments the woe;
 With never-ceasing grief oppress'd
 Her mournful accents flow.

“ Ah, busy thought! no further roam,
 “ Ye bodings dire, forbear!
 “ Love keeps not Harold from his home
 “ While Ellen lingers there.

“ But ah! his yeomen arm'd he led
 “ To seek the hostile plain;
 “ Perhaps he's number'd with the dead,
 “ And Ellen mourns in vain!

" No longer act this widow's part,
 " Thus shed inglorious tears ;
 " Come, manly courage! fill this heart,
 " Divest my woman's fears!

" For ere to-morrow's sun reveal'd
 " Shall glad some happier eye,
 " I go to seek the tented field,
 " For comfort—or to die!"

She said, and sought a gloomy hall,
 (The page attends her side,)
 Where pendent arms gleam'd 'gainst the wall,
 Lord Harold's trophy'd pride.

A suit of lightest mould they found ;
 It arms the desp'rate fair :
 The echoing castle walls resound,
 She shakes the beaming spear !

The steed, that oft in better days
 Had borne her to the chase,
 In warlike trappings proudly neighs,
 And moves in stately pace.

Not light the toil, nor short the way
 That led unto the camp ;
 But toil, nor distance, nor dismay,
 Can love's true ardor damp.

Thrice loud and shrill the trumpet blew,
 As through the camp she went,
 Assembling all the host to view
 The solemn tournament.

“ A stranger Knight!” the guards exclaim,
 As near the lists she rode ;
 “ His noble form and port proclaim
 “ The order well bestow'd!”

The Marshall bids the clarions sound,
 Each Knight takes up his gage ;
 The panting coursers paw the ground,
 And foam with eager rage :

And many a damsel round the course
 Her lily hand would wave,
 To give each champion double force ;
 Of heaven his safety crave.

Lord Harold enter'd midst the throng,
 Who, Ellen! can impart,
 The trembling joy withheld so long
 That swell'd thy tender heart ?

Lord Harold mix'd among the crowd,
 Admir'd beyond the rest,
 To ev'ry fair he courteous bow'd,
 By ev'ry fair caress'd.

Ah,

Ah, Ellen! what shall now restrain
 Thy fancy's boundless stray?
 Love strives with jealousy in vain,
 The fiend maintains his sway.

Before thy eyes sad visions gleam'd,
 Hope lent no longer aid!
 And more than Knighthood's prowess seem'd
 Confess'd by ev'ry maid.

Is this, she sigh'd, the sad return
 My constancy must prove;
 Must hapless Ellen ever mourn
 Her Lord's departed love?

No! rather end at once this strife,
 My beating heart give o'er,
 Since love no longer sweetens life,
 To live can charm no more!

Ah,

She

She bade a trusty Squire advance,
 And blazon forth " this hour
 " The stranger Knight would break a lance
 " With Harold, Knighthood's flow'r!"

The Marshal speedily commands,
 Aloud the heralds cry,
 " Lo! where to meet, Lord Harold stands
 " The pride of chivalry!"

Rapt expectation glow'd to view
 The promis'd jowst begin;
 Alas! Lord Harold little knew
 What vict'ry he should win!

Loud sounds the trump! the lances flame,
 Impetuous, steed meets steed!
 Behold o'erthrown the hapless dame,
 Behold that bosom bleed!

Lord

Lord Harold seiz'd the glitt'ring helm
To view the fallen foe—
Despair and fury overwhelm
His soul with utter woe!

“ Oh, speak!”—But mute was Ellen's breath,
For ever clos'd those eyes!
Then rushing on his sword, in death
With Ellen, Harold lies!

THE MORALIST.

UPON the rocky chalk it stood,
And pensive was its soul ;
Fix'd were its eyes upon the flood,
And mark'd the billows roll.

It saw that each which wash'd the shore
Was press'd upon behind
By those, on which still others bore,
And all obey'd the wind.

It felt the keen and viewless blast
Rush on its well-fenc'd frame ;
Nor this rude gust, nor that was last,
An hundred others came.

And

And thus it moraliz'd—Like man
 Exactly is this gale,
 Which not content the waves to fan
 Must my poor form assail!

Just so, though all the finny race
 From dolphin down to dab,
 Are at man's need—the wretch must grace
 His supper with a CRAB!

Now, reader, should'st thou haply cry
 This author is an ass;
 Much wiser men than you or I
 Believ'd Pythagoras.

EPIGRAM.

THOUGH poor as a beggar, Tim, vauntingly cries,
To my pocket, my friend's ever free,
If fortune assist, let him share half the prize,
'Tis as open to him as to me!
"Why, I've known you," quoth Dick, "for these
ten years, or more,
"And your cash has been always so sparing,
"Had your friend claim'd his part, I could safely
have swore,
"He'd ne'er have been richer by sharing!"

Sit, ju
hoc

Au
But

"RIN

The Meteors.

Number 9.

Sit, judices, sanctum apud vos HUMANISSIMOS HOMINES,
hoc poetæ nomen, quod nulla unquam barbaria violavit.

Cicero.

Authors are partial to their *Wit*, 'tis true ;
But are not Critics to their *Judgment* too ?

Pope.

London :

PRINTED AND SOLD BY A. AND J. BLACK,
LEADENHALL-STREET.

1800.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Eclogue of B. H. and the Verses from our Correspondent at New Inn, are received.

The Verses from C. F. omitted this Time from want of room, will appear in our next Number.

CON-

CONTENTS.

THE MUSES.

SONNET, IN IMITATION OF THE MANNER AND
SENTIMENT OF OUR COTEMPORARIES.

SONG.

THE TRIUMPH OF GENIUS.

THE BIRTH OF A SMILE.

PLEASURE.

INK.

VERSES ON A TULIP.

THE WITCH OF ENDOR.

INVITATION TO AN EVENING WALK.

THE TWO MUGS.

LINES ON THE CONQUEST OF SERINGAPATAM.

ODE TO LOVE.

THE SIGH.

EPIGRAM.

THE MUSES.

THROUGH some dark fogs, and some sun-shine
At length we get to Number *Nine* ;
And having tired *ev'ry* Muse,
Their further aid they all refuse:
So here we are, in deep distress,
Which may be more, but can't be less.

Well! since they wish to cut alliance,
What if we bid the maids defiance!
Resentment calls aloud " 'Tis bold,"
But wary Caution whispers, " Hold!"
Bids us restrain a blind vexation,
And look into our situation;
Then let her sober voice be heard,
And wrath and vengeance be defer'd.

Folks oft explain a thing obscure
 By simile, or metaphor,
 Which mode will fit this dissertation,
 And save a tedious gossip-ation.

Note, then, our luckless state appears
 Like his who had the wolf by the ears;
 He trembled at the enormous paws,
 Mark'd the extension of his jaws,
 Nor could decide 'tween yes or no,
 If to restrain, or let him go.

Just such a savage we are holding,
 Pale-visag'd grief our wits enfolding ;
 For should we loose the beast, our fears
 Exchange the Wolf's for Asses ears:
 Or keep him—if no Muse attune
 Our strains, they'll only bay the moon.

What's to be done in this dilemma!
Oh, Daphne! Delia! Ellen! Emma!
Print on our lips your rosy kisses,
A fig for the celestial misses!
Your inspiration will give birth
To Verses of superior worth;
Or should *you*, in your turns, be coy,
Th' expedient found, 'twill not destroy
The Rhymes which flourish like the Cedar,
And find a Muse in ev'ry Reader.

SONNET,

IN IMITATION OF THE MANNER AND SENTIMENT OF OUR COTEMPORARIES.

COLERIDGE! methinks it were most *dainty* sweet
 (Whilst unperceiv'd the hours are flitting by,
 And the mind broods on some strange phantasy
Like thee to glow with true *Southcian* heat:
Yea, I *do* love thy *soul-ennobling* aim,
 To see, in *no unprofitable* mood,
 Thy spirit *yearn* for much *of* real good,
The poet's bays, and *aye-enduring* fame.
The lot of *hircling* minister, or King,
 Nought envying, with soft Eolian lyre,
In strains *most simple* oftimes dost thou sing,
 What *independent* fancy doth inspire.
This *heart-approving* plan pursue, sweet Bard!
So wilt thou gain, ere long, thy JUST REWARD.

PHILOPOESIS.

S O N G.

WHEN good King Arthur rul'd the land,
(His jovial name old tales resound,)
In merry mood he gave command
To shape the royal table ROUND :
Then, when the Monarch freely din'd
Among his Knights, so fam'd of yore,
Each guest at once his place could find,
Nor think of ceremony more.

From this arrangement it turn'd out,
As mirth and jollity soon found,
That while they push'd the bowl about
The liquor constantly went ROUND.

From hence the *modern* custom rose,
 (For Arthur's sake we'll hold it dear ;)
 Still round and round the bottle goes,
 Be tables round—or tables square.

A circle is a wondrous thing,
 As sage philosophers repeat ;
 So perfect nothing can they bring
 In which all ends completely meet :
 And where so well can end meet end
 As when our hours with wine are crown'd,
 While glass meets bottle—friend meets friend,
 And pleasure's heart-felt smile—goes round!

THE TRIUMPH OF GENIUS.

THOUGH merit oft, as slow the minutes roll,
Sees the fair day-star, hope, withdraw its rays;
Though ills innumerable oft oppress the soul,
Where Genius shines confest in all its pomp of blaze:

Though he *, the Bard, whose diapason strains
Seem to breathe more than mortal harmony,
Roam'd, a blind outcast, o'er Achaian plains,
His couch the chilly turf, his canopy the sky:

Though soft compassion pours her saddest moan
Beside Avona's hapless Poet's † tomb,
Who, dogg'd by famine, rush'd on worlds unknown,
Ere yet *four* lustres' space proclaim'd fair manhood's
bloom:

* Homer.

† Chatterton.

Yet who that nameless impulse would forego,
Which prompts the mind, so sweet, so strange, so
bold !

To grasp ideal forms, with fancy glow,
And on Olympian heights to revel uncontroul'd?

When now no more the Poet sweeps his lyre,
Nor fate's dread storms break thundering on his head,
E'en haggard envy shall his worth admire,
And o'er his honor'd bust a nation's tears be shed !

Lynn.

W. C.

THE BIRTH OF A SMILE.

WHEN hideous Titans erst essay'd
To scale the walls of Jove,
Sweet innocence, at guilt dismay'd,
Forsook the breast of love :
On earth she wander'd long distress'd,
To Jove's high courts then flew ;
The queen of love the maid caress'd,
And both from heav'n withdrew :
For Venus griev'd to find her power
Curtail'd of half its charms ;
(For what can sweeten passion's hour
Like innocent alarms?)
Resolv'd with her the fair to grace
She sought her favorite isle,
Then spread her o'er the virgin's face,
And arm'd her with a *Smile*.

OWEN COURTENAY.

PLEASURE;

AN ODE.

WHAT blue-eyed nymph my feet beguiles,
To fam'd Arcadia's plains;
Where mirth desports in wanton wiles,
And music pours her strains?
'Tis Pleasure, empress of delight,
Attir'd in robes of purest white,
By zone of amber bound;
Whose manners easy, gay, refin'd,
To rapture wake the youthful mind,
And charm the throng around.

Attemper'd

Attemper'd to the oaten reed
 Unnumber'd troops advance,
 To pace the flower-embroider'd mead,
 And form the sprightly dance :
 Lo! as they press the verdant lawn,
 Each list'ning Dryad tunes his horn,
 And wakes the nodding grove ;
 While some meand'ring stream beside
 The Naiades sport in rustic pride,
 To greet the queen of love.

Now on frolic step desporting,
 Social joys enraptur'd courting,
 See the train of Thalia fair
 To the festive board repair :
 Hark! they come, and bear along,
 Jocund revelry and song ;
 Cheerfulness—delightful guest!
 Humour by the graces drest ;
 Mirth grotesque, in laughter loud,
 And sport, the solace of the crowd.

While

While wit his sparkling eye displays,
And darts on every frame his soul-enlivening rays.

Hail! goddess, hail! thou friend of youth!
Offspring of innocence and truth!
Oh, come, devoid of pomp and pride,
With peace and virtue by thy side.
Sweet is the task to thee assign'd!
'Tis thine to sooth and charm the mind,
To bid affliction disappear,
From want's pale cheek to chase the tear,
And make the soul immers'd in woe
With pure delight and rapture glow.

But if thou com'st with winning art
To govern and corrupt my heart,
In magic smiles concealing pain,
With vice and folly in thy train:
If at thy will my breast must prove
The transient joys of sensual love;

By

By passion sway'd each hour despise,
Reason's soft laws, and honour's ties;
And in the fascinating bowl,
Drown each sensation of the soul:

Oh, Pleasure, from thy power I'll flee,
And live unknown to guilt and thee!

* *

INK.

I N K.

LET Bacchanals sing rosy wine
The *summum bonum*, as they think;
Another theme of praise be mine,
A Poet owes much more to Ink!

Dear fluid! what to thee I owe
Without thee cannot well appear;
Ah! still thy ebon stream must flow,
Or all my visions flit in air.

Thou giv'st to half the world its fame
By *card*, *newspaper*, or *review*,
Thou giv'st to airy nothing—"name,"
And "local habitation" too.

How love adores thee! *billets-doux*
 Are scatter'd like autumnal leaves,
 And half that Hymen has to do
 On *parchment* first thy skill achieves.

Our pens to use thee seem to thirst;
 Like Gil Blas' patron, all ranks say,
 "Pray send me your *memorial* first,
 "I cannot *speak* to you to-day."

One thing, ('tis strange!) laments thy sway,
 Though form'd alone to bear thy reign,
 For many a quire, truth needs must say
 Has oft *just reason* to complain.

VERSES

VERSES ON A TULIP.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

DELIA, behold yon gaudy flower,
That rears its head in idle state;
Flush'd with the sun's enliv'ning power
It seems to mock the shaft of fate.

But, ah! how transient is its reign!
The ruthless gale of dewy morn
Its foliage strews around the plain,
And leaves it worthless and forlorn.

Such is her fate, who, vain and gay,
For conquest on her charms relies;
She shines the meteor of a day,
And then unknown, unpity'd, dies.

Oh,

VOL.

Oh, Delia, while in nature's bloom,
 Your smiles unnumber'd joys impart,
 Forbear on beauty to presume,
 For merit oft'ner wins the heart.

Lo! as in pride of empty show
 The tulip fell, delightful maid!
 Alike mischance or galling woe
 Each sweet attractive grace may fade.

May strip those looks of every charm,
 The lustre from your eyes remove,
 Which now e'en apathy can warm,
 And fire the rudest breast with love.

But wit, good sense, and virtue prize,
 Whose powers enchanting long endure,
 And when no more the lover sighs,
 The steady friend you must secure.

* *

THE WITCH OF ENDOR.

These stopp'd the morn, and call'd th' unbody'd shades
To midnight banquets, in the glimm'ring glades.

POPE.

SAMUEL was dead; and Israel's weeping tribes
Had bury'd him with honour: Ramah's walls
Enclos'd the tomb which held his sacred bones,
And justly did the Prophet's birth-place claim
'That boasted preference—Unhappy Saul
Encounter'd new calamity: The host
Of infidel Philistines had begun
A hostile march, and now they pitch'd their tents
On plains of Shunem; Israel's army sat
Encamp'd on Mount Gilboa, watching each
The other's purpose. Saul look'd up and saw

His

His foes how powerful! while his once proud heart
 Trembled within him, fraught with horrid fears.
 With sad forebodings, of the Lord he sought
 To know his doom; but answer none came down
 From heaven, neither by his dreams, nor by
 Mysterious Urim, nor by holy voice
 Of Prophet's inspiration. Then Saul bade
 His servants seek a wizard—Though his stern
 Commandment had some time gone forth that all
 Who dealt unholy with familiar spirits
 In charms and incantations, should by death
 Expiate their foul offences, soon they found
 The secret augures of a magic shrine,
 And to their master cry'd, "Behold! there dwells
 "In Endor, one who is well skill'd to tell
 "Things yet to come; who opes the womb of time,
 "And bids the long-departed spirits rise
 "Obedient to her will." Saul heard with joy.
 Eager to draw the veil from off his fate,
 He chose two trusty servants, and disguis'd
 Went forth in haste, to reach ere yet mid-night
 The Vale of Endor—ere mid-night they came,

And found the Witch's dwelling underneath
 A high impending cliff, on which the moon
 Shot her resplendent rays, but soon withdrew
 Those rays instinctively, conscious of deeds
 About to be perform'd: They knock'd—the door
 Self-opening welcom'd them, but all within
 Was dark and dreadful; whispering sounds crept
 round

The else-still place, and buzz'd about their ears.
 They spake—none answer'd—inward they essay'd
 T' explore if ought there was of deep recess
 Or excavation of the o'erhanging cliff,
 But found no entrance; outward then they wish'd
 To pass, but vainly sought th' enchanted door.
 Impatient Saul no longer check'd his rage,
 But boistrously exclaim'd, “ Come forth, hell-
 born,

“ Nor rack us with suspence. By all the host
 “ Of hideous dæmons which your murky charms
 “ Call from their unknown depths, I do conjure
 “ Your instant presence! Let me know my fate,
 “ Or conqueror, or vanquish'd! bound in chains

“ By

" By worshippers of Dagon, or once more
 " Triumphant King of Israel!" Thwart the gloom
 A lambent meteor track'd its wav'ring course,
 Then pass'd along a hollow rushing wind,
 And underneath the cliff a spacious width
 Open'd a yawning entrance, whence a blue
 Half living flame, which gave the cavern light,
 Struck on their dazzled view. The Witch appear'd;
 A tall and meagre form; her large grey eyes
 Glean'd in her ghastly visage, long and pale,
 And mock'd the scatter'd silv'ry locks that hung
 On either sunken temple. With a voice
 Solemn, or mournful rather, she demands
 Why, with a stormy summons, they alarm'd
 Her mid-night dreams, and on sequester'd haunts,
 Broke in unmannerly? The Monarch said,
 " I come to task thy skill. If, as I learn,
 " Thy potent science can discern what time
 " Bears yet to scare our senses from the height
 " Of manly courage, if thy magic art
 " Can raise the mould'ring bodies from the tomb
 " Fresh as they were in substance, to declare

“ Fates hid from mortal eyes ; thy strongest charms

“ Be practis’d now, to raise me up that man

“ Whom I shall name to thee, whose living voice

“ Spake nought but truth, and from whose holy
lips

“ Reponsive sounds must calm my anguish’d soul.”

Tremulous, the Witch replies, “ Forbear, rash man,

“ To urge a deed forbidden. Know’st thou not

“ What royal Saul has done, whose ordinance

“ No longer tolerates the Wizard’s skill?

“ Then wherefore dost thou lay deceptive snares

“ Encompassing my life ?” “ Fear not,” exclaim’d

The King of Israel. “ On my truth rely.

“ The deed shall be as secret as the grave:

“ E’en by Jehovah’s self I swear, no harm

“ Shall reach thy silver hairs for this.” The Witch

Embalden’d by the oath, consents to do

The work of darkness. “ Who,” she cries, “ shall
leave

“ His earthy bed, and groaning with the weight

“ Of forceful spells, obediently reply

“ To

“To what thou shalt propound?” The King demands,

“Raise up the Prophet Samuel.” Then the Witch
Began her hellish practice, but full soon

Ceas'd from the work, astonish'd to behold

A supernatural glory spread around

Such as her haggard eyes had never seen.

Glow from the cleaving earth uprose the form

Of Ramah's Prophet, which, as the Hag beheld,

Sudden she shriek'd aloud, and wildly grasp'd

The royal robes, exclaiming, “Thou art Saul!

“And hast deceiv'd thy servant.” “I am Saul,”

Reply'd the startled Monarch. “Nothing fear,

“But tell me whom thou see'st.” “Of god-like
form,

“Veil'd in a mantle from the earth he moves,”

Pronounc'd th' affrighted Witch. Now full to sight

The sacred vision rose, and Saul perceiv'd

That Samuel stood before him: All-subdu'd,

With reverential awe he bow'd his head,

And stood in silence. Thus the shade demands:

" Why, in the stillness of th' oblivious grave
 " Must thou disquiet me? Why vex my bones
 " Commixing with the dust? Why force me breathe
 " Though grateful once, the now obnoxious air?"
 With anguish'd feelings Saul address'd the Ghost:
 " Oh, hear me, Samuel, I am sore distress'd!
 " The fierce and barbarous Philistine bands
 " Make a fresh inroad on Judea's land,
 " Our arms unequal to the force they bring,
 " Vainly we search for counsel from on high,
 " Nor dreams, nor inspirations, light th' intense
 " O'er-gathering cloud that darkens Israel's sun.
 " God has departed from me—thence I seek
 " (Remembering how oft that voice was wont
 " Pronounc'd in wisdom to dispel the storms
 " Which erst assail'd us,) guidance from thy lips,
 " And urge thee to make known what course befits
 " Saul's present circumstance; how Israel's King
 " Can from dishonour save th' unnumber'd tribes?"
 Austerely frowning, thus the Shade reply'd:
 " If God desert thee, wherefore seek'st thou me?
 " Think'st thou to fly the vengeance of the Lord?

“ Remember

"Remember Amalek's luxurious King,
 "Favour'd by Saul, although condemn'd by heav'n.
 "Judgement o'ertakes thy sins. The Lord hath rent
 "The kingdom from thy hand: To-morrow's sun
 "Shines for Philistine glory; ere he sets,
 "Thou and thy sons must dwell in my abode."
 Th' unbody'd Prophet ceas'd: As when in skies
 Replete with partial rains, the pregnant clouds
 Assume forms countless, fancy's eye beholds
 Piles architectural, woods, mountains, rocks,
 Perhaps some giants huge and unshap'd limbs;
 More and more strong, at first, the semblance grows,
 Till, as the breezes wanton, gently spread
 Are fancy's visions, changing into wide
 Unmeaning mists: So from the eyes of Saul
 The Ghost of Samuel mingled with the air.
 The King fell prostrate on the barren earth
 O'erpower'd by his woes.

INVITA-

INVITATION TO AN EVENING WALK.

ADDRESSED TO CELIA.

URG'D by the "rosy bosom'd hours,"
In virgin softness led,
To smile upon departing day
Fair Vesper rears her head.

Lo! at her view the bright-hair'd sun,
In russet mantle drest,
Tinges all nature with his rays,
And coverts in the west.

While Zephyrus from the blossom'd heath
Wafts rich perfume around,
And dew-clad elves, on airy feet
Skim o'er the circled ground:

See through the drooping Willow's shade
 That crowns fam'd Avon's stream,
 Pale Cynthia, empress of the night,
 Display her silver'd beam.

Come then, my fair, embrace the time,
 So fragrant, so serene!
 Your sweet, angelic looks reflect
 New softness on the scene.

Shall flow'ry meads invite our steps?
 Or mournful shelt'ring groves?
 Where Philomela pours her plaint,
 And shepherds own their loves.

Say, to the river shall we stray,
 The Naiades blest retreat?
 Beside whose sedgy-margent green
 The fisher takes his seat?

Or

Or if more solem scenes prevail,
 Austere, terrific, glooms!
 High mould'ring tow'rs of ancient state,
 Cathedrals! murky tombs!

Be these our haunts, whose hallow'd walls
 With hideous yells resound;
 While distant torrents, as they roar,
 Augment the dread profound.

But wouldst thou taste supreme delight?
 Together let us rove,
 And from yon summit view the vale,
 And mark the joys of love.

There virtue, health, and mental peace,
 Unnumber'd charms unfold;
 Compar'd to which how vain is pride!
 How worthless pomp and gold!

Though

Though thousands boast of Cupid's power,
None genuine passion know;
Who absent from the maid they love
Feel not sincerest woe.

Haste then, my Celia, heavenly maid!
In matchless beauty gay!
Oh, come and soothe an anxious mind,
And cull the sweets of May.

* *

THE

THE TWO MUGS.

A FABLE.

WHO is that man, Sir? can you tell?
Undoubtedly; I know him well;
De Ville's acquaintance gives me pride,
More than to know the town beside;
Why, Sir, fame tells for twenty mile,
No sportsman lives in such a style!
His rivals in the pastime own
His dogs the fleetest ever known;
His horses all of noble blood;
Ten thousand would not buy his stud:
Nor is this all—his income clear
Is full twelve thousand pounds a year.

How I rejoice! sure this must be
The man I've long desir'd to see;

The

The almshouses by yonder cot
 He founded; hey, Sir? did he not?

He, Sir! Lord, no; not he indeed!
 He leaves such things for vulgar breed;
 Almshouses! how could you suppose
 He meddles with such things as those?

Perhaps 'tis Bethlem, Luke's, or Guy's,
 To which his gen'rous bounty flies;
 A man of such amazing store,
 Doubtless gives hundreds to the poor.

Pshaw! do you *ridicule* the man?
 Who ever drew so vile a plan?
 Think you his monoy he bestows
 On beggars, vagabonds, and those?
 No; 'tis for Edmund that remains,
 The lowly shepherd of the plains.

The

The beggar ne'er in vain implor'd
 For what his bounty could afford;
 Nay, oft he goes beyond his ends,
 Assisting all his lowly friends,
 Rather than *naturally* fly
 The voice of pleading poverty.

Then let me Edmund's friendship gain
 Before yon mansion's gaudy train;
Your friend I willingly resign,
 De Ville be your's; be Edmund mine.

So ever will the truly wise
 An ostentatious pomp despise;
 And patronize a modest worth,
 Though from a low and humble birth.

Sir Jacob fail'd; the auctioneer,
 Proclaims the sale; the neighbours hear;
 Assembled all, they thus begin,
 "Five *China* Mugs, and one of *tin*."

This

This lot a man of family,
 (More mouths than mugs) resolv'd to buy;
 And having bade, and paid the pelf,
 They decorate the cottage shelf.

The China Mugs with sneering laugh,
 Observe how many a hearty quasi,
 Is taken from their neighbour Tin,
 While they the palm of beauty win;
 They think themselves alone for shew
 And long to hear their praises flow.

“Touch not that Mug; ’twill break to pieces!”
 The father cries; the infant ceases;
 Hugs close the favourite of Tin,
 And why? no danger lurks within.
 The China Mugs thus left forlorn,
 Join to address the Tin with scorn:
 “Poor slave! thy case indeed is hard,
 “From e’en an hour’s rest debarr’d;

" A constant fag from morn to night,
 " Thy value as thy virtue light;
 " While we are ornaments, and stand
 " Protected from an infant's hand;
 " By such rude touch yet undefil'd,
 " Of fortune each a favour'd child."

Thus answer'd Tin, with meek reply:

" I envy not your worth, not I;
 " Remember, though your former place,
 " Admitted you the board to grace,
 " You are deny'd that favour here,
 " And mock'd, or valu'd with a sneer;
 " 'Tis not in title, wealth, or blood,
 " But worth consists in doing good;
 " And though but poor I'm thought ('tis true)
 " I'm worth ten times as much as you."

" Presumptuous rebel!" they reply'd,
 But ah! reproof was now deny'd;

A cat in playful gambol leapt,
And from the shelf the rivals swept,
The China fragments spread the floor,
The Tin, unblemish'd as before.

And now the man in doleful voice,
Oft mourn'd his folly, curst his choice;
And the gay fragments as they die,
Confess their *neighbour's* just reply.

L I N E 3

On the Conquest of Seringapatam.

ON sea-girt throne, long mistress of the wave,
Britannia wars—to triumph and to save!
Behold the historic Muse with pride proclaim
How many states have own'd her guardian name!
In ev'ry age her beaming falchion shone,
To guard the altar, and uphold the throne!

So when of late, on India's ravag'd plains,
(What soil is blest whene'er a tyrant reigns!)
Those plains where nature ev'ry boon bestows,
And winding Cav'ry's stream refreshing flows,

The

The peaceful Hindoo mourn'd a despot's sway,
 His lawful Sov'reign shut from light of day;
 And saw the restless Tippoo (urg'd by France)
 'Gainst plighted faith, and British peace advance;
 Then, Britain! thy reluctant standard flam'd,
 In Mysore's fields thy sons fresh laurels claim'd!

Lo! where the walls, once scene of all his state,
 Receive the tyrant, hast'ning to his fate!
 While pride and madd'ning rage deride the storm,
 Nor heed what English prowess can perform.
 Those walls esteem'd impervious as the rock
 Soon thund'ring fall before the batt'ring cannon's
 shock.

See! through the breach the eager squadron flies,
 Hark! shouts of conquest drown the dying cries;
 While fresh battalions ev'ry moment brings,
 And hov'ring Carnage claps his Vulture wings.

But Mercy, ever to the brave most dear,
 Assum'd the General's voice, and bade to spare!

“ Enough!

“ Enough! respect the fall’n, no longer foes,
 “ Nor tear the well-earn’d laurels from our brows.”

Thou, Sultan! viewest life with stern disdain;
 And proffer’d mercy sues to thee in vain;
 Ambition’s hopes no longer swell thy breast—
 Those friends who fought beside thee sunk to rest,
 The storm still gathers round without controul,
 And desperation clouds thy sick’ning soul:
 Yet valour signaliz’d thy latest breath,
 And gave thee, as a warrior, to death!

Midst heaps of slain, with many a ghastly wound
 The Prince’s sad remains the victors found;
 His weeping family, preserv’d, confer
 With sorrowing pomp, the rites of sepulchre:
 While ev’ry English conqueror around
 The hallow’d mausoleum’s ample mound,
 As slow the corse descended to the tomb,
 Forgot the tyrant, in the soldier’s doom.

ODE TO LOVE.

1.

HOW oft has LOVE inspir'd the song,
How oft attun'd the melting lute,
How oft arous'd the shepherd throng
To breathe the silver-sounding flute!
While virgins yielded to the mellow strains,
And Eden bloom'd again on mortal plains.

2.

Now let the nymphs assist the praise
Spontaneous from the heart;
Now the untutor'd chorus raise,
For Love despises art:

The

The rosy child
 Our wood-notes wild
 Shall hear and glow with pleasure;
 When through the grove
 The echoes rove,
 And o'er the valley measure.
 From Love our happy moments flow!
 To Love the meed of praise we owe!

3.

But not his joys alone the god dispenses,
 Nor always soothes the wild empassion'd senses,
 In mournful softness, sounds of anguish
 First are whisper'd to the fair;
 All the-Lover seems to languish,
 All he breathes is pain and care:

Thought

Thought on his brows reflecting sits,
 His nerves all tremble, and his eye-balls gaze;
 And now his wandering wits,
 Pursue ideal pleasures through a maze.

4.

But if the soften'd damsel prize
 The youth's fond vows, his ardent sighs;
 She then averts her beauteous eyes,
 And vanquishes her pride;
 The youth indulging in his bliss,
 Prints on her hand a burning kiss,
 Oh, let me add one more to this
 Exclaims—nor is deny'd.

5.

Hail, Love! from whom all pleasures spring,
 To thee our humble strains we bring;

* K

Without

Without thy influence in the breast,
 We live a ling'ring void, unblest ;
A meanless vacancy of toil,
And barren as the unplough'd soil.
Then Love, thy votaries befriend,
 Still let our hearts with passion glow ;
The genial raptures never end,
 Or ending, still in visions flow !

THE SIGH.

GENTLE air! thou breath of lovers!
Vapour from a secret fire,
Which by thee itself discovers,
Ere yet daring to aspire:

Softest note of whisper'd anguish,
Harmony's refined part,
Striking while it seems to languish
Full upon the listner's heart.

Safest messenger of passion,
Stealing through a crowd of spies,
Who constrain the outward fashion,
Seal the lips and close the eyes.

Gentle Sigh! we ne'er can view thee!
Fram'd but to assault the ear!
Yet ere to our cost we rue thee;
Ev'ry fair may find thee—here! †

EPIGRAM.

AN Hibernian going one *night* to the play
Was robb'd of his money and watch on the way;
'Twas not late—with amazement he stood,
And exclaim'd, “ My dear gem'men allow me to say,
“ I think that you open shop *early to-day!*
“ Your *custom* no doubt must be good!”

The Meteors.

Number 10.

Sit, iudices, sanctum apud vos HUMANISSIMOS HOMINES,
hoc poetæ nomen, quod nulla unquam barbaria violavit.

Cicero.

Authors are partial to their *Wit*, 'tis true;
But are not Critics to their *Judgment* too?

Pope.

London :

PRINTED AND SOLD BY A. AND J. BLACK, AND H. PARRY,
LEADENHALL-STREET.

1800.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have received the Favours of our Correspondent at Lynn, the enchanting ODE TO FANCY shall appear in our next Number.

The elegant Anacreontic Lines, entitled THE GALA, will also be inserted. We are much indebted to the constant indulgence of these Correspondents.

We have received two Poems from Owen Courtenay, and one from B. H.

CONTENTS.

AN OLD REFLECTION.

HENRY.

STANZAS, IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF
METASTASIO, ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

THE SNOW DROP.

LINES TO DELIA, FROM THE ITALIAN OF
GUARINI.

THE CHARACTER OF IMPUDENCE, DRAWN
FROM THEOPHRASTUS.

CHARITY.

THE COFFEE HOUSE RECOGNITION.

A FRAGMENT.

VERSES FOR A BLANK LEAF OF BISHOP'S
POEMS.

GENEROSITY.

THE OAK.

EPIGRAM.

AN OLD REFLECTION.

A POET being once accus'd
That many of the thoughts he us'd
Were stol'n; with patience heard his friend
(An author likewise) to the end.

“ That paragraph I own is fine,
“ But I can shew you line for line,
“ From whence you ev'ry beauty took ;
“ 'Tis in a most uncommon book,
“ Where ev'ry thought of yours, and better,
“ I lately found in old black letter;
“ And the whole passage so much priz'd
“ You've only somewhat *moderniz'd*.”

In vain the other urg'd his plea
That great wits *sometimes* might agree :

“ Well, well,” he adds, “ let truth prevail,
 “ It will not spoil the following

T A L E.

YOUNG Kitty grew so fair a maid
 That grandmama was much afraid
 To trust the damsel out of view,
 Lest any mischief should ensue :
 Experience is the test of truth,
 Th’ old lady prov’d it in her youth ;
 So for good reasons she could bring,
 Kept Kitty near her apron string.

Now Kitty’s grandsire was of mind,
 Restraint, of whatsoever kind,
 Was wrong ; (except when he in vain
 Besought his dearest to restrain
 The gentle warblings of that tongue
 On which most honey’d accents hung,

Sweets

Sweets too luxuriantly enjoy'd
 That long ago his taste had cloy'd!)
 Thus either party claim'd the art
 To guard fair Kitty's tender heart.

Th' old lady led a tiresome life,
 For Kitty long'd to be a wife,
 And though full many a suitor came
 Not one could please the cautious dame.
 Among the rest young Clodio strove,
 The fair one listen'd to his love.
 Which fact once known—the youth no more
 Dar'd set his foot within the door.

The banish'd lover bore his doom
 Like others, humbly, I presume;
 That is, he wrote, and brib'd the maid,
 Who all his *billets doux* convey'd.
 His mistress, as his zeal deserv'd
 The "intercourse of souls" preserv'd.

Sweets

But absence is a cruel state;
 'Tis needless to expatiate,
 And shew how during this dread trial
 Love measures time—unlike the dial,
 My Muse her story ne'er delays
 By dwelling on th' *et-ceteras*,

A secret meeting was projected,
 And very speedily effected;
 'Twas just about the break of day,
 When most good folks in slumber lay;
 And Betty's head, invention rich-in,
 Contriv'd the scene should be—the kitchen.

When down stairs tripping came the lady,
 Her faithful swain was there already.
 What bliss!—But offer'd, ah! in vain,
 For Tray that moment slips his chain;
 He hears a stranger's voice below,
 And needs must let his master know;

Uncourteous

Uncourteous dog! hast never heard,
Truth should not *always* be declar'd?

The echoing bark resounds above,
And prudence flies to succour love.
Sir Simon rose (his lady's will)
To know why Tray can *not* keep still.
Now Kitty, what thy trepidation!
Thy lover—and thy reputation
In equal danger!—" Betty, say,
" Have you no plan—no scheme—or way
" To let this gentleman escape,
" And get us fairly from the scrape?
" Your master comes—his anger's hot,
" Oh, Clodio! I shall see thee shot!"

But genius when demanded most
Too frequently deserts his post.
So 'twas with Betty, whose desire,
Though simply—to conceal the 'squire,

Could scarce accomplish it before
Sir Simon thunder'd at the door.

“ Hey, day!” said he, “ what’s here to do,
“ What Kitty up! Has Tray wak’d *you* ?
“ And *Betty* too?—’tis very careful,
“ I thought you women were more fearful!
“ That noisy mastiff barks for sport,
“ I’ve half a mind to hang him for’t.
“ Had but this pistol ball and powder,
“ I’d make him yelp a little louder.”

But Beelzebub, or Proverbs lie,
Must have a finger in each pie.
It came into my lady’s head
That *she* had better leave her bed;
So down she comes, and in she dashes,
Poor Kitty turns as pale as ashes.

Th' old lady easily believes
 She's not in danger from the thieves;
 For if Sir Simon should have found 'em,
 He must, ere this, have ta'en and bound 'em:
 That fancy gave her no great fear,
 Another did, as you shall hear.

'Tis very odd (thought she) that Miss
 Should be below so soon as this;
 What though we all imagin'd danger,
 That only makes the thing still stranger;
 Uncommon thieves indeed! are those
 Which females run the first t' oppose.

"Sir Simon, have you scar'd 'em dear?"

"My love, no thief have I seen here,

"That Tray is an unlucky cur—"

"He is indeed!" quoth Betty, "Sir,

"To call my master up so early,

"And fright us all, for nothing—nearly;

"My dear young lady snatch'd her gown,

"And made me instantly come down,

“ To hide what most in hazard stood,
 “ And save what *valuables* we could.”

“ But” adds th’ old lady, “ are you sure
 “ (Since things are never too secure)
 “ The villains are not somewhere hid?
 “ Which accident may heav’n forbid!”

“ I’ve search’d the place, my dear, all over,
 “ The devil a rogue can I discover!”

“ Well, well, Sir Simon, be it so,
 “ But I’ll search further ere I go;
 “ Come, Betty—bear that light before,
 “ And ev’ry corner we’ll explore:
 “ Sir Simon does things like a sloven,
 “ ← Suppose we peep into that oven!”

“ La!

"La! Madam, may I be so bold,
 "The oven's *full* as it can hold;
 "They can't be there; 'tis vain to seek—"
 "Do Betty *mind* me when I speak!"

Poor Betty from experience knew
 Prevarication would not do,
 And therefore hesitates no more
 But trembling—opes the oven's door:
 No time to peep—that very minute
 Bounc'd out our Clodio, hid within it!

To paint the general consternation
 Would too much lengthen the narration.
 "Now," says my lady, "love, you see,
 "Fine works were here, except for me!
 "Pretty!"——"Stop, stop," Sir Simon cries,
 "I always grant you very wise;
 "I own it to my great disgrace,
 "I ne'er had thought of such a place:

"The

" The OVEN it must be confess'd
 " Was the last place I should have guess'd.
 " And yet 'tis odd the thought struck YOU,
 " Or any—WHO'VE NOT BEEN THERE TOO!"

Now friend, the Bard accus'd exclaim'd,
 You see the point at which I've aim'd:
You would have borrow'd from the store,
 Had *I* not rummag'd it before;
 Leave censure to the critic throng,
 Brother, we both are in the wrong.

HENRY.

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H E N R Y.

SCARCE had the bell with lengthen'd peal
Proclaim'd poor Anna's sad farewell,
When Henry rose with pallid look,
And sigh'd responsive to its knell.

For know, the fair whose death he mourn'd
Was form'd of nature's purest clay;
On her once beauteous blooming cheek
A thousand loves were wont to play.

His dwelling wretched Henry fled
By frantic fury onwards prest;
He sought and clasp'd the faded form
Of lifeless Anna, to his breast.

In

In vain consoling friends intreat,
 In vain they court persuasion's aid,
 For he resisting to be sooth'd,
 Still clings around the clay-cold maid.

Till faint and overcome by grief
 Reluctant Henry quits her side,
 With incoherent voice he raves,
 And wildly invokes his bride.

But see! death's veil his face o'erspreads,
 Again upon her corse he drops;
 On her, his languid eye is fixt,
 His pulse now beats—now ebbs—now stops.

C. F.

STANZAS,

S T A N Z A S,

*Imitated from the Italian of Metastasio,
addressed to a Lady.*

THANKS for thy conduct, cruel fair,
Thy tyranny is o'er,
The Gods, at length, have heard my pray'r,
And I'm thy slave no more.
I feel, at length, my anxious mind
From all its fetters free,
No dream is now, the bliss I find,
It flows from liberty.

Chill'd is the passion in my breast
Thy beauty once inspir'd,
Those looks that late disturb'd my rest,
No longer are admir'd.

No

No more a blush pervades my cheek
When mention'd is thy name ;
E'en of thy frailties I can speak,
And glow with conscious shame.

Though thou art blest with ev'ry grace
To warm the soul to love,
Others can boast as sweet a face,
And equal passion move.
With thee in merit can compare,
Alike in converse shine ;
Yet once I thought, capricious fair,
No wit could equal thine.

Time was, where'er I us'd to stray
Thy form was dear to me,
But now I rove the live-long day,
Nor cast one thought on thee.

So little now thy charms employ,
My fancy far or near;
When present I ne'er feel a joy,
When distant know a fear.

Such was thy sway, (I'll own the truth)
I burnt with jealous rage,
If but in thought some happier youth
Thy notice could engage.
But now, who shares thy love or hate
With unconcern I see;
Lost is thy power that once was great,
Thy slave at length is free.

Yet ere in enmity we part
Receive my last adieu,
Soon wilt thou find, though false thy heart,
That mine was kind and true.

But

But go—yet never hope again
My pleasures to controul;
I hold thee now in fix'd disdain,
And tear thee from my soul.

THE

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THE SNOWDROP.

THAT Snowdrop's beauteous pearly bell
Midst winter's stormy reign arose,
No genial suns as yet repel
The icy gale that o'er it blows.

Simply its foliage expands,
Reclin'd the modest flow'ret blooms;
Nor splendor's idle praise demands,
Nor summer's garish hue assumes.

So virtue blooms! Life's tempests spread,
And nature's failings round her press;
But though she sometimes droops her head,
She never flourishes the less.

LINES TO DELIA.

From the Italian of Guarini.

BLEST is the youth who notes thy charms,
And ev'ry grace admires,
But happier he thy breast who warms,
And mutual love inspires.

But, ah ! what rapture must he share,
(His bliss is pure, divine ;)
Who, while he views thee, matchless fair !
Can say " that treasure's mine."

* *

THE

THE CHARACTER OF IMPUDENCE.

AS DRAWN BY THEOPHRASTUS.

A WANT of manners, and contempt of sense,
To gain base ends, is downright Impudence.

The Impudent is one of shameless face,
Who asks, unblushingly, with easy grace,
A loan from him, who not three weeks before
He cheated largely from a plenteous store.

When from the altar, in their bright abodes
His sacrificial incense greets the Gods;
In vain from some good portion of the beast
His friends expectant wait at eve to feast;

All rule and custom Impudence will scorn,
 And as they came e'en so his friends are gone:
 Careful he salts, and then puts by the meat,
 Goes out, and scrapes acquaintance for a treat.

If on success he stumbles, in the hall
 Midst other servants, Tibius hears his call;
 Accustom'd to the trick he runs in haste
 Some fragment of the well-deck'd board to taste;
 His master loads him, and with brazen zeal
 He cries, " be welcome Tibius to a meal."

Sometimes he walks to market: His first care
 (In hope more cheaply to obtain his fare)
 Reminds the butcher what to him he owes,
 For recommending him where'er he goes;
 Then in the scale an extra pound he throws.
 The man takes out the piece, denies to own
 Himself oblig'd—he then throws in a bone:
 If that should be refus'd, as chance may hap,
 He lays his hands on any dirty scrap,

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And with a laugh assum'd (as if to say
You know I love to joke) he hastes away.

If to some public spectacle he sends,
Providing places for his country friends;
He must go gratis for the service done,
And the next day, the tutor with his son.

His neighbour buys a bargain—round his ears
Dins Impudence, until some part he shares.

Should he want corn, he borrows of his friend,
And bids him send it home, as well as lend.

When to the bath he goes, in spite of all
Contempt and shame, he lets the bather call
For fees unpaid; resolv'd to spare his self
He dips the wave, and waits upon himself:

Then to the bather gives this kind adieu,
 " A comfortable wash I've had, 'tis true,
 " But, let me tell you, there's no thanks to you."

Note.—In presenting to our readers this portrait of Impudence, drawn by a most masterly hand nearly three thousand years ago, we apprehend that the most limited observation in this metropolis will afford convincing proofs that the character has not degenerated.

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CHARITY;

IMITATED FROM ST. PAUL'S FIRST EPISTLE TO
THE CORINTHIANS.

WERE wisdom's seat within this breast,
With angels tongues my thoughts exprest,
Though I could pierce through time's dark womb,
And speak an unborn nation's doom,
Unravel nature's wond'rous laws,
And trace each deep mysterious cause;
What if transcendent faith were mine
To bid descend yon mountain pine,
Command the mount itself to move,
And bear along its nodding grove,
'Twere vain ——— save CHARITY gave birth
To ev'ry deed, and stamp'd its worth:

My tongue were as a cymbal found
With tinkling utterance of sound.

Yet may I bounteously bestow
My all, upon the sons of woe;
With bread the houseless poor supply,
Myself with penance mortify,
And still as little value bear
As chaff up-borne in whirling air.

Long suffering Charity is kind;
To envy, nor to pride inclin'd,
With decent steps she seeks the shade
Which hope, faith, purity have made,
And in her unsuspecting heart
Bitter resentment shares no part:
Thence her beneficence o'erflows,
A stream whose source no taster knows!

For others good she lives alone,
Oppression bears without a groan;
Smiles, oft as truth can worth declare,
And drops o'er folly's path, a tear.

Lo!

Lo! all things fade and pass away,
 E'en wisdom triumphs but a day!
 The prophet's warning voice no more!
 The preacher's lips, mellifluous store!
 Before time's doom shall soon avail,
 But Charity will never fail!

Here, contemplation oft desists
 T' explore the light through gathering mists;
 Hereafter — opening truth divine
 Shall in meridian lustre shine.

So while in childhood's early bloom,
 Forms infantine our thoughts assume;
 Yet in the speeding flight of time
 Firm manhood's deeds mark manhood's prime.

On earth our dangerous course to guide
 Faith, hope, and charity, abide;
 But CHARITY with open hands
 In worth pre-eminently stands.

THE COFFEE HOUSE RECOGNITION.

A SMART young fop was just about
His dinner to begin,
When with ill-favour'd wig and coat
A gentleman came in.

The waiters ey'd his shabby garb,
And found his coat thread-bare,
And the poor man in vain besought
To see the bill of fare.

For ere to wait upon his need .
One scrub would condescend,
Of his madeira and his fowl
The beau had made an end.

But now the gentleman in rage
Stamp'd on the floor beneath;
Cry'd, with an oath, " Must I wait while
" That puppy picks his teeth?"

The

The voice no sooner reach'd his ears
Than strait the beau uprose;
And all the company made haste
To fly th' impending blows.

But with submissive looks and low,
Denoting humble fear,
The spark approach'd the testy man,
Entreating him to hear.

He did—and thus address'd the youth,
“ You dog am I to pay
“ Your debts, that waiters shall affront
“ Your FATHER in this way!

“ No! pay your luxuries yourself,
“ Their cost my purse disowns;
“ But if you hope I shall relent
“ Go, break those rascals bones!”

A FRAG-

A FRAGMENT.

EGHYSTUS.

I KNOW thy heart—impetuous and fierce,
Ill can it brook the cold reflecting voice
Of long-experienc'd caution; yet awhile
List to my sober counsel, nor contemn
The slow and careful steps, with which I pace
Pleasure's delusive paths.

ARDELIO.

Old man farewell!

I haste, I fly unto the region blest
With never-fading charms! The Graces there
Sport in unclouded joyance;—I discern
Already on the branches of the tall
And ample trees which shade the flow'ry maze,

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The little Cupids wanton; rosy smiles]
 Deck the round surface of each cheek, they call,
 They bid me to their heaven: I approach
 Eager, my little cherubs, to receive
 Your nearer welcome; not the sour voice
 Of trembling caution now shall be restraint,
 Or urge me from the spot where pleasure dwells,
 And where I seek my solace.—Venus frowns,
 Old man, upon the dullness of thy blood,
 And mocks its sluggish current; stay me not
 With idle parley.

EGHYSTUS.

Idle, then, thou deem'st

The fruit of threescore fertilizing years?
 Rash petulance! Unthinking boy reflect
 An instant only. Are yon varied scenes
 So transient in their beauty, that it fades
 Swift as the viewless words escape our lips?
 Or if the brilliant tints to-morrow's sun
 Shall greet us lustrous, is an hour ill spent
 In sober converse?

ARDELIO.

ARDELIO.

Yes; from those delights
 An hour abstracted, is an age resign'd
 To care's tyrannic sceptre.

EGHYSTUS.

No—'tis snatch'd
 From joys licentious, to receive the stamp
 Of animating virtue. That quick flame
 Which blazes in thy veins, too oft begets,
 E'en where 'tis check'd the most, a store of woes;
 But where 'tis unrestrain'd, its rage destroys
 The very vitals of a pure delight,
 And sense-refining pleasure.

ARDELIO.

Ever thus
 The aged strive to mingle with the cup,
 Pour'd for fresh tasters, the obnoxious dregs
 Of what themselves, time was, full largely quaff'd.

EGHYSTUS.

I own I largely quaff'd th' enchanting juice,
 And therefore do I warn thee: Thou shalt hear
 From

From what entangling perils I escap'd.
 On merchandize intent I dar'd the seas,
 And sail'd in either hemisphere, unhurt
 Midst all the wayward ragings of the main.
 But so my fates had will'd it, that at length
 The seas inhospitably wreck'd my bark,
 And threw me on a sharp and rocky shore,
 Whose clouded skies, thick fogs, and vapours rank,
 Or the damp plains to which they owe their birth,
 Dispense around the various shapes of death
 In pestilent contagion. There the soil
 Is prest alone by the wild hurry'd stalk
 Of startled murder, and the whit'ning bones
 Strew'd largely, seem as they foretold the doom
 Of him who wretched should approach that land.
 From thence, the remnant of a former wreck,
 (A drifted boat in shelt'ring nook conceal'd)
 Convey'd me and my fortunes. With bent sail
 I cross'd the treach'rous element, and saw
 Ere the third sun arose, luxuriant hills
 Vine-clad, rich meadows deck'd with grazing flocks,
 A cool and gentle stream in meek embrace

Wedding

Wedding the lordly ocean, cherub boys,
 And nymphs disporting on th' enamell'd shores.
 Insensate, I exclaim'd, " I thank ye, gales,
 " Ye soft and whisp'ring wooers, whose embrace
 " Press'd on the pregnant canvas! Thanks, ye waves,
 " Whose tremulous motion bore my floating bark
 " In gliding smoothness! Hail, ye lovely forms
 " That meet me on the beach!" In rapt'rous joy
 Indulging, on the new found shores I leapt;
 My bended knee and head inclin'd bespoke
 Obeisance to the nymphs, whose snow-white arms
 Stretch'd forth to raise their suppliant from the earth;
 " Welcome," they cry'd, " thou blest and happy
 youth;
 " Welcome to pleasures which no mortal man
 " Before thee tasted! Thy approach foretold
 " Has been full long expected, and our Queen
 " With anxious fondness sighs away the hours
 " Till thou shalt greet her." Then in mazy rounds
 A wanton band of little Cupids danc'd,
 And lur'd me onward; all the way the nymphs
 Gather'd the blushing roses, and entwin'd

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 VOL. 1

A garland for my brows: In winding paths
Which pass'd through fragrant groves, o'er pine-
crown'd hills,

Cross verdant meadows, and by purling rills,
They led me all-enraptur'd; had the way
Been through the thorny thickets of a tract
More wild and savage than where Boreas wounds
The steeps of Caucasus, so sweet a groupe
Surrounding, in deep snows I might have slept,
And blest my pillow. When the nymphs drew nigh
The bower of their mistress, one advanc'd
To tell the happy tidings, while the rest
Led their new guest down where a fountain smooth,
Deck'd only by the natural turf, supply'd
A bath delicious. "Here thy weary limbs
"Lave in the cooling water," cry'd the nymphs;
Then from the place withdrew. The Cupids rush'd
Emulous to do me service; some within
The fountain scoop'd the clear transparent wave,
While others spread out garments on the bank,
And brought the rich perfume. That duty done,
They led me to the nymphs, who haste to bring

The stranger to their mistress. On a couch
 Of purple cov'ring fair Elysia lay
 E'en in the bow'r, where oft she pass'd the noon
 To shun the fiercer heat of Phœbus' rays,
 And where at eve sweet Philomela's song
 Was grateful to her ear. Her charms dispos'd
 In seemly decency (so virtue's garb
 And manners often are assum'd where vice
 Reigns in the heart with sentiment impure)
 To meet a heedless stripling up she rose:
 Her modest port then struck my eyes with awe,
 And though the roses intermix'd with large
 O'er-hanging honey-suckles, 'twin'd with white
 And simple flowers of the jasmine's soft
 And tender bine, arous'd each loit'ring sense
 To love's fierce wishes, yet the stately brow
 Of proud Elysia check'd the youthful God,
 And curb'd his passion. With a courteous smile
 She welcom'd me to banquet on what store
 Of rural viands might the bower afford;
 And with solicitous kindness drain'd a flask
 Of wine nectareous in the golden cups.

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A single draught of that delicious juice
 Inspir'd my heart with love, my tongue with speech;
 "Oh, nymph celestial!" I exclaim'd, "forgive
 "One urg'd by madness. Mortal, as I am,
 "And thou immortal, (for such heavenly charms
 "No earthly maid possesses) can I hope
 "To fly the vengeance of some jealous God,
 "Who now, perchance, awaits in wrathful mood
 "With dire inflictions to o'erwhelm thy slave
 "For sins involuntary? From my heart
 "Reluctant vows are thine, I know thou scorn'st
 "My abject love, and patient I endure
 "The punishment of rashness." "Sieze and bind
 "This rude unmanner'd guest!" Elysia said;
 But they were silken bonds—the nymphs my guard
 Soften'd compulsion, tyranny made bland;
 And having brought me to a splendid dome,
 Through winding corridors they led me on
 Confounded and astonish'd. When we reach'd
 The destin'd spot, they op'd large folding doors,
 And thrusting me within the gay recess,
 They laughingly exclaim'd, "There meet thy fate

“ Presumptuous mortal! Thus Elysia’s pride
 “ Revenges insolence!” In vain I sought
 With supplicating tears to bend their hearts
 To pity’s lenient dictates; as the block,
 Unhewn in marble quarries, so they seem’d
 Insensible of mercy. I look’d up
 Half-dead, half-motionless; my eyes beheld
 A gorgeous scene of luxury, prepar’d
 For sealing love’s soft vows, (not long admir’d)
 For from another door, entranc’d, I saw
 Elysia’s self approaching. At her feet
 I breath’d repentant sighs; she grasp’d my hand,
 (While trepidation shook my inmost soul)
 And with a tone mellifluous bade me rise.
 “ Throw off,” she cry’d, “ thy coward, senseless fear!
 “ Behold me as you wish! with fond return
 “ Meeting your ardent passion; but beware
 “ You prize the boon aright. I half condemn
 “ My inefficient pride, my yielding scorn,
 “ Which gives thee full felicity unearn’d.”
 Her words arous’d the sources of my life,
 And swelling pulses urg’d my throbbing veins;
I clasp’d

I clasp'd th' enchanting fair; we-murmur'd love,
 Banish'd restraint, and banqueted on joys
 That left no sense repining——Morpheus' rod
 Lay heavy on my eyes; the sun had track'd
 Half his diurnal passage through the skies
 Ere my dull lids unclos'd; my outstretch'd arms
 Embrac'd a void. I rose in startled haste,
 And trembled in a desert.—First methought
 A dream oppress'd me, but full soon I found
 The dread reality. I hurry'd o'er
 The drear unfruitful sand, where not a bush
 Shelter'd my scorching limbs, nor fountain gâve
 Its cooling moisture to my madd'ning thirst:
 The ev'ning star arose, and night prepar'd
 To throw her sombre mantle o'er the earth;
 The music which so late had wak'd the groves,
 And echo'd o'er the balmy-breathing plains,
 Was now chang'd for the wild savage howls
 Of monsters of the desert. Oft before
 I had encounter'd perils undismay'd,
 But when subdu'd by love's unnerving torch,
 Strength, courage, all forsook me, while despair's
Cold

Cold iron hand with ponderous stroke oppress'd
 My falt'ring steps, and on the sands I lay
 Tortur'd and self-condemn'd. At length o'ercome
 By my own griefs, sleep clos'd my swollen eyes.
 Some Deity, compassionate of woes,
 Address'd me in my dreams : "Too well, rash youth,
 " Thou merit'st what thou feel'st. The joys of love
 " Should be attemper'd by the chast'ning hand
 " Of sacred virtue, not licentious folly :
 " This be the lesson of thy future life !
 " When the first rays of light illumine the skies
 " Speed thy departure ; to the south direct
 " Thy hasty course ; 'tis there the ocean roars,
 " And there thy bark awaits thee : Give the sails
 " Full to the spreading breeze, and trust the Gods
 " For safety and for conduct." I awoke
 And with a thankful heart obey'd the voice
 Of heavenly favour ; I regain'd my bark ;
 Full to the spreading breeze I gave the sails ;
 Trusted the Gods for safety, and arriv'd
 Ere long on well-known shores.

ARDELIO

ARDELIO.

I smile upon
 Your cautionary tale, which more excites
 A fervent wish to try inviting joys,
 Than to avoid them. Had I learnt the doom
 Of some poor miserable wretch, ordain'd
 To linger in his torments, then I might
 Have listen'd to my doubts: But thou, whose lot
 Gave thee to taste delights of unknown sweetness,
 And yet escap'd'st unhurt, dost more afford
 Tempting example, than an awful warning.
 Oh Heav'ns! Behold what gliding fairy forms
 Beckon me to their haunts! 'tis vain, old man,
 To urge reflection. From this mountain's height
 Thou may'st behold me mingle with the groupes,
 And meditate my bliss.—Time flies,—farewell.

EGHYSTUS.

O lost to Virtue, Honour, Prudence, Truth!
 Headlong he rushes down the rocky path,
 Now bounds across the plain. No, Insolent!
 Not on thy bliss I'll meditate, but think
 How these rash follies may be best destroy'd.

V E R S E S

WRITTEN FOR A BLANK LEAF IN A VOLUME
OF THE LATE MR. BISHOP'S POEMS.

WHO love thro' fancy's realms to stray,
May hither safely bend their way ;
No thorns or noxious weeds abound,
But loveliest flow'rets bloom around :
Chaste pleasure joins the kindred train,
Where Taste, Wit, Judgment, ever reign.

Wit in meridian blaze disports,
Nor Folly's smile, nor Fashion's courts ;
But seeks th' exalted meed alone
Approving Virtue calls her own.

Each flower that Fancy's wreath combines
Taste culls, and Judgment's hand entwines ;
Whilst constant at the Muse's shrine
Bright genius waves his torch divine.

Here

Here Learning's seat, in Wisdom's shade,
 With ostentation ne'er display'd ;
 Like the foundation stone conceal'd,
 Where some fair Temple stands reveal'd.

Who tracks this fairy spot, will find
 Each vestige of the purest mind ;
 Perhaps, like me, in thought discern
 The sorrowing Muse clasp BISHOP'S urn,
 And mourn that in our mortal course
 Stern Fate's inexorable force
 Too oft, alas ! the lyre will wrest
 From him, whose hand attunes it best.

GENEROSITY.

IT chanc'd a Miser lost his purse,
Which a poor half-starv'd wretch return'd ;
" 'Tis well," said he, " it was not worse :"
A *courtous bow*—was all she earn'd.

" Heav'n bless your honour's charity !"
(While down her cheek the tear-drop stole)
" Pray spare a mite of that to me,
" To whom alone you owe the whole."

" Lord, child," says he, " you seem distress'd,
" Here, take this farthing, times are hard,
" But in all seasons, Heaven be bless'd !
" Our *Virtue is its own reward.*"

THE

THE OAK.

ON this rude bark I carve her name,
A name each object should restore ;
The tree shall long record her fame,
When I can witness it no more.
Here nymphs and swains shall oft resort,
While evening's veil around them draws,
And at each interval of sport
O'er my inscription fondly pause :

“ Here once,” some lover shall repeat,
While list'ning rustics crowd around,
“ This bank was Sylvia's retreat,
“ With him who gave the tree its wound.”

On this tall oak, the forest's pride,
Where Sylvia's name is carv'd by me,
Oh ! spoil the shades on every side,
But, woodman, spare this sacred tree.

EPIGRAM.

EPIGRAM.

DICK says he's sure the cause is good,
His Lawyer no deceiver ;
“ Cheat me ! impossible he should !
I'm no such disbeliever.”——

“ No,” quoth a friend, “ what were his view
In using you so rough !
’Twere not his interest—for you
Deceive *yourself* enough.”

The Meteors.

Number 11.

Sit, iudices, sanctum apud vos HUMANISSIMOS HOMINES,
hoc poetæ nomen, quod nulla unquam barbaria violavit.

Cicero.

Authors are partial to their *Wit*, 'tis true;
But are not Critics to their *Judgment* too?

Pope.

London :

PRINTED AND SOLD BY A. AND J. BLACK, AND H. PARRY,

LEADENHALL-STREET.

1800.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have received C. B.'s enquiry, dated New Inn, after his Poem: As our Work is so near its close, we fear we shall have no opportunity of inserting that Piece. C. B. is entitled to our thanks.

We shall return the Poem of KING MOB, OR A CURE FOR A DEMOCRAT, to the address the author has given us, as, notwithstanding its humour, the length of it entirely prevents our offering it to the public.

CON-

CONTENTS.

THE LAST BUT ONE.

ODE TO FANCY.

THE BEST OF WIVES.

THE GALA.

CANZONET.

NUTTING.

A LOVE LETTER.

THE FERRY.

SERENADE.

THE DAY OF MOURNING.

THE CROWN OF FLOWERS. FROM THE FRENCH
OF DORAT.

AFFECTATION.

A WHY, AND A WHEREFORE.

EPIGRAMS.

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VOL. I

THE LAST BUT ONE.

OUR drama now draws t'wards its end ;
May some sweet symphony befriend
The closing pageant ere it cease,
And crown this **FOURTH ACT** of the piece !

All dramatists are well aware
How much the fourth act asks their care ;
When that important act first dawns
Attention either smiles—or yawns,
And many an auditor will doubt
If he shall stay and see it out,
Unless it serves as a *detainer*,
And lustre gives to the remainder.

But here, our task is rather hard,
 Compar'd to that of many a Bard,
 Whose various Muse, at Drury Lane,
 Or Covent Garden pours her strain;
 Where music, painting, elocution,
 Join in a well arrang'd confusion;
 Where some harsh syllable oft floats
 Through fifty bars of liquid notes,
 And *fal la la*, and *tol de rol*,
 With just applause we all extol.

There all the willing arts conspire
 With friendly zeal to aid the lyre;
 An author there, if such his choice,
 Makes people sing—in spite of voice;
 Or, as the varying scene may suit,
 Ordains a rant, or bids be mute;
 Nay, if mixt action he prefers
 —A dance by *all the characters!!*
 Where old and young together caper,
 A thing impossible on paper!

Oh,

Oh, happy Bard! who thus art able
 To speed the progress of thy fable!
 Oh, happy audience! who can reap
 Delight from efforts so dog-cheap.

Yet have they gentle sympathies,
 Big swelling hearts, and weeping eyes;
 And men and women, one and all,
 Loud at the bloody dishclout squall.
 No bloody dishclout we possess!
 Plain simple verse—nor more, nor less;
 We take you to no giddy brink,
 But tell you what yourselves might think;
 Then, if we speak your own dear thought,
 We know you'll praise it as you ought.

We might add more, for parting sorrow
 Will bid good night until to-morrow;
 But as our Verse once more will chime,
 We need not say good bye, this time

And we entreat, what we impart
May break no tender reader's heart ;
For whensoever we quit the field
This consolation will it yield,
That as you do not read in short-nights,
'Twill save your cash in summer fortnights.

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ODE TO FANCY.

O THOU, the tutelary Queen of Song!
Who in the breast where sorrow sits enthron'd,
Canst wake the throb of joy,
Ethereal Fancy hail!

Coy nymph! who, far from human turmoil, lov'st,
In sylvan glens embosom'd, oft to list
The hum of insect worlds,
The jubilee of groves!

Thou, too, who lov'st, in mildly pensive mood
To gaze upon the rosy-tinted clouds,
That o'er the heaven's blue vault
In pomp of beauty float:

Or, with wild florets garlanding thy brows,
 To tune thy shell beside some murmuring brook,
 The while its glassy stream
 Mirrors thy lovely form!

By thee inspir'd, the shrill-ton'd lark, upborne
 E'en to the saffron portals of the east,
 Of wildest minstrelsy
 A strain preluding pours;

What time the sunbeams, ushering new-born day,
 O'er the horizon roll a sea of fire,
 And gleams each spray, each leaf,
 With myriad gems of dew.

And when grey sandal'd eve (nymph dear to thee!)
 O'er the fair landscape draws her gradual veil,
 When nature in soft sleep
 Seems willing to repose;

By thee inspir'd the lovelorn Philomel,
 Hailing th' approach of night, her sole compeer!
 To scenes fast fading bids
 A plaintive, sweet adieu!

But chief, the hallow'd Bard's enthusiast soul,
 By thee, O Fancy! in delirium rapt,
 Thy harmonizing power,
 Thy thrilling influence owns!

When now no more the vernal season charms.
 Nor summer breezes sport amid the glades;
 But nature wails with tears
 Her countless offspring dead,

And the fell genius of the wintry storm
 Through shatter'd woodlands speeds his dread career,
 His breath—congealing frost,
 His robe—a sable cloud;

He then, how blest, whose labouring bosom heaves
With thy cœlestial presence! Thou canst spread
 Around the joyless waste
 A visionary spring!

If that a mortal's prayer be heard by thee,
May I e'er bend a votary at thy shrine!
 O through my early song
 The soul of music breathe!

Linn.

W. C.

THE BEST OF WIVES.

A TALE.

A MAN had once a vicious wife ;
(A most *uncommon* thing in life)
His days and nights were spent in strife
Unceasing.

Her tongue went glibly all day long,
Sweet contradiction still her song,
And all the poor man did was wrong,
And ill done.

A truce without doors or within,
From speeches long as statesmen spin,
Or rest from her eternal din,
He found not.

He

He ev'ry soothing art display'd ;
 Try'd of what stuff her skin was made :
 Failing in all, to heav'n he pray'd
 To take her :

Once walking by a river's side
 In mournful terms " My dear," he cry'd
 " No more let feuds our peace divide,
 " I'll end them.

" Weary of life, and quite resign'd
 " To drown I have made up my mind,
 " So tye my hands as fast behind
 " As can be ;

" Or nature may assert his reign,
 " My arms assist. my will restrain,
 " And swimming, I once more regain
 " My troubles."

With eager haste the dame complies,
 While joy stands glist'ning in her eyes,
 Already in her thoughts he dies

Before her.

“ Yet, when I view the rolling tide,
 “ Nature revolts,” he said, “ beside
 “ I would not be a suicide,

“ And die thus ;

“ It would be better far, I think,
 “ While close I stand upon the brink
 “ You push me in—nay, never shrink,

“ But do it !”

To give the blow the more effect,
 Some twenty yards she ran direct,
 And did what she could least expect

She should do :

He,

He, slips aside, himself to save,
So souse she dashes in the wave,
And gave what ne'er before she gave—
Much pleasure.

“ Dear husband, help! I sink!” she cry’d;
“ *Thou best of wives!*” the man reply’d,
“ I would—but *You* my hands have ty’d,
“ God help ye!”

W. A. S.

THE

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THE GALA.

AN ANACREONTIC.

BOY, a splendid feast prepare,
Delia comes; enchanting fair!
Ever beauteous, gay, benign,
In my lowly cot to dine.
Haste, a sumptuous board provide,
To increase thy master's pride!
Let its bosom be imprest,
With wines the richest—fruit the best;
Waft unnumber'd sweets around,
And strew, with flowers, the tepid ground.

Then in all the charms of spring
Beauty, heavenly goddess, bring,

And

And, to animate the feast,
 See that Pleasure is my guest.
 And where Venus holds her court,
 And the chaste-ey'd loves resort ;
 Go, and all her train invite,
 To steep the senses in delight.
 Then on rapid footstep rove
 To the sportive God of Love ;
 Him, in rosy bowers, you'll find,
 Him with wreaths of myrtle bind ;
 And bear the giddy youth along
 With mirth, and revelry, and song ;
 And if Bacchus should be seen,
 (Sprightly youth, of blooming mien ;)
 His golden locks, with roses twine,
 And make his host the circle join.

And yet, methinks in Delia's breast
 Love ever dwells, supremely blest :
 Her steps betray his mother's grace,
 And beauty mantles on her face.

Methinks

Methinks where'er she winds her way
Virtue and worth delight to stray,
Wit o'er each glowing thought presides,
And pleasure ev'ry action guides.

Then since in Delia's form compleat
The joys, the loves, and graces meet,
Let Delia only be my guest,
And all my cares are lull'd to rest.

* *

CAN-

CANZONET.

SWEET pipe! thou choice boon of my fair,
Ere yet she had learnt to betray,
O, breathe some mellifluent air,
To chase the long minutes away.
But in vain I my woes would forget,
Whilst my charmer strays far from mine eyes!
False echoes! why mock my regret?
Ye zephyrs! why slight thus my sighs?

Ah! rather, my passion to speak,
A kiss to my Amoret bear!
O would ye but drop on her cheek
One pledge of my anguish—a tear!

Go ask, gentle messengers! why
 These arms the ingrate hath forsook?
 Alas, I foretel her reply—
 “ Poor Thyrsis has nought but his crook.”

Yet what though no corn-fields have I,
 No flocks o'er the mountains that rove;
 She will not, she cannot deny
 Poor Thyrsis is *ample in love!*
 Though sweet to the traveller's ear
 The soft lulling murmur of rills;
 Though wild thyme to Hybla be dear,
 To goats the steep Appenine hills;

Though the arbuté be sweet to the bees,
 To shepherds the wide-spreading tree,
 Yet sweeter, far sweeter than these,
 Are the smiles of my Charmer to me!
 Cease, my pipe! cease thy warbling—for hark!
 Some footsteps approach my retreat—
 Why, Hylax, that gratulant bark?
 Why gambol so blithe at my feet?

Why, lambkins! forbear ye to feed,
 Your heads all erect at the sound?
 Some swain haply trips through the mead
 In search of a kid newly drown'd.
 Ah, no!—behold yonder my fair!
 To sorrow I now bid adieu—
 The zephyrs have heard my fond prayer,
 And Amoret's bosom is true!

Lynn.

W. C.

NUT-

NUTTING.

NOW Autumn shews the careful swain
'Tis time unto the golden grain
 The sickle to be putting ;
And gaily in the hazel shades
See! all the village, men and maids
 Each evening a nutting.

" Dear, dear!" cries aged Tabitha,
" Where can the girls be gone to-day?
 " I cannot keep my slut in;
" Let me say whatsoe'er I will,
" Behold, the spinning-wheel stands still,
 " 'Tis all this plaguy nutting!"

“Zounds!” quoth the farmer, “where is Dick?”

“The night is coming on us quick,

“ ’Tis time the sheep were shut in;

“ But I must fold ’em, I suppose,

“ While that young idle rascal goes

“ With Margery a nutting!”

But Polly’s pocket-full, betrays——

“ And what is that” her mother says

“ On either side so jutting?

“ ’Tis no use, hussey, to deny,

“ Or tell in vain, a wicked lie,

“ You know you’ve been a nutting!”

In winter round the cheering fire,

At eve the villagers retire

Content, some humble hut in,

And crack their nuts, and reckon o’er

How many months will be before

Again the time of nutting.

When

When citizens in summer, brave
 The terrors of the briny wave,
 The wat'ring places glutting;
 Instead of plunging in the deep,
Quære—were't not as good and cheap
 To take a fortnight's nutting?

Would spleen and vapours take advice,
 This short prescription may suffice,
 “ The hazle grove get but-in:”
 And coming out I'm very sure
 You'll own with pleasure what a cure
 Was gain'd by merely—nutting!

Thrice happy grove! for thee I'd quit
 The critic's region, the pit,
 Or beau's in lobby strutting;
 No opera, concert, masquerade,
 Nor birthnight ball-room, should persuade
 Me *not* to go a nutting.

Oh! would the parliament but grant
 A sum, in dear Hyde Park to plant,
 In rows the filbert cutting;
 Then nearer home we soon might rove
 Through fashion's charming hazel grove
 And see all ranks—a nutting!

A LOVE

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A LOVE LETTER.

WHAT means this murm'ring tumult of alarms,
Whene'er my soul recurs to Delia's charms?
What mean these panting wishes in my breast?
Why palpitates my heart, why sighs for rest?
Oh, Delia! since from thee the questions spring,
To thee, her hope, let baffled reason cling.

Thou, Delia, shalt decide whence unknown fears
Invade my heart; why science disappears;
Why to the gloomy walls the spider's web
Chains up the volumes of the mighty dead;
Since, from the fast lock'd door I drew the key,
And left the study with a deep "Ah, me!"
Then all along upon the vi'let bank
Gave fancy loose for many an idle prank;

Why through the woods I devious love to stray,
 And spurn the thickets of the thorny way ;
 Why trace the circles made by fairy spells ;
 Why fondly listen to the tinkling bells
 Of pasturing flocks, which crop the dewy grass,
 And wildly gaze upon me as I pass ;
 Why to no other maid my eye dares rove ;
 O, Delia, tell me! am I not in love?

Time was, I felt my spirits free as air,
 They mock'd constraint, and laugh'd at black despair.
 Eager I flew to meet the rays of morn,
 And my soul thrill'd unto the jocund horn.
 But now — the huntsman press'd by some strange
 pow'r
 Culls the wild roses, or the cowslip's flow'r.

Time was, I ponder'd o'er great Homer's page,
 And sympathiz'd with fierce Achilles' rage;
 Or sought in Latium for Æneas' throne,
 While fancy made his perils all my own.

Now

Now with an unknown grief my soul complains,
And melts with Naso's recollected strains.

Whence is this change? and what must Strephon
prove?

O, Delia, tell me! am I not in love?

One symptom more—when last thy presence bless'd
My gazing vision, and my soul compress'd;
When not a solitary thought embrac'd
Ought but my Delia's bosom, eyes, lips, waist;
I burnt to ask her if I did not love,
But vainly strove my torpid tongue to move.

Then let this senseless paper bear the thought
Warm from the heart, and all by nature taught;
Let Delia know, I live for her controul,
Or dumb, or eloquent, she rules my soul.

Rejoic'd

Rejoic'd my once-priz'd freedom I resign;
 I boast, my Delia, to confess me thine;
 Ambitiously to be thy slave aspire,
 Oh, grant me that, my hopes will soar no higher!

Yet can I view thy heavenly-beaming eye,
 And all the beauties of thy form descry;
 The rosy lips, the lustre of thy skin;
 Emblem of holy innocence within;
 The polish'd fullness of each swelling breast
 By sylphs invisible so frequent press'd;
 Can I then only as "a slave aspire,"
 Charm'd with the barren pleasure to admire?

Ah, no! I feel more ardent fires alive,
 Against whose rage in vain could prudence strive;
 Prudence! who ever bore the sainted dame's
 Cold interference with love's vivid flames?
 I spurn her dull restraint; e'en now I feel
 The new sensations through each fibre steal;

I heave

I heave convulsive with their potent charms,
And what can quell them but my Delia's arms?

Alas! what have I said? these transports prove
'Tis needless now to ask her if I love!
Go, then, my Verse, entreat her to forbear
Her killing wrath, and listen to my pray'r.

STREPHON.

THE

THE FERRY.

SEE! where the peaceful waters glide,
The ferryman, alert to guide
The traveller to yon verdant strand,
Where eager groups expectant stand,
And listen to the dashing oar
Approaching slowly to their shore ;
While on the gently rippling stream
The sun obliquely points his beam,
And gilds, with his declining rays
The clear profound, whose face displays
Each neighb'ring hill's reflected shade,
And groves in summer's hue array'd ;
Soft breathing music winds along
Some simply caroll'd rustic song,

Whilst

Whilst echo pleas'd repeats the strain
As towards the distant bank they gain.

Here, oft at eve I bend my way,
The variegated scene survey,
And ponder on till busy thought
To highest paroxysm wrought,
Makes yonder stream and boat appear
An image of this world of care.

Pass on! (I sigh) O, jocund crew!
This is the hour for mirth and you;
Nor think while smiling joys prevail
How deep the stream! the boat how frail!

Pass on, thou miser! This fair scene
Makes e'en *thy* care-worn looks serene;
See! all conspires thy breast to soothe,
The boat looks sound, the water smooth,

That

That darling casket, danger free,
 Of all the rest thou hast the key:
 Yet the opposing bank, indeed,
 Shews others eager to succeed;
 More eager as you still draw near,
 A faithful picture of your heir!

Thou, hypocrite! shouldst be discreet
 Before thou tak'st this watry seat;
 Did th' elements deceive like thee
 Where soon would all thy projects be?
 O, hypocrite! again beware,
 Nor trust the stream!—it may ensnare.

Pass, ye fastidious sons of pride!
 Who this poor humble boat deride;
 Remember well, it can convey
 Your greatness but a *little* way!

Pass, honesty! where'er you go,
 Unruffled let the waters flow!

But

But should tempestuous gales arise,
 Lo! Mercy to thy safety flies;
 Peace, Resignation, stand confest,
 No inward storms disturb thy rest!

Pass o'er, thou veteran mariner!
 And honour where shou goest confer;
 Thy element with joy shalt see,
 Who shar'd with HOWE the victory!

For you! (if such, alas! there are,
 To whom fair order is not dear,
 Who under patriot-zeal's pretence
 Veil rapine, fraud, and turbulence,)
 Let the well-balanc'd boat produce
 A moral of extensive use:
 Now while discretion rules its fate,
 In safety floats its quiet freight;
 But, if at once with wild uproar
 Each passenger demands the oar,
 Th' unsteady boat admits the wave
 And all behold, too late to save,

How

How much the *general* good keeps pace
With *each* preserving his *own* place!

When evening's last shades descend,
And o'er the closing view extend,
When dews reluctantly impel
Me ruminating towards my cell,
I turn and take a fond farewell.
Blest stream! perhaps these eyes no more
Thy grateful beauties shall explore,
Long may'st thou glide, when all decay
Who animated thee to-day!
Oh! be my life, should life endure,
Like thee as useful—and as pure!

SERE-

SERENADE.

FAIR Cynthia! from that gloom arise,
And tempt my love to bless these eyes!
Soft breezes now invite the Fair
To taste the fragrance of the air,
And music, of *her* voice depriv'd,
Proclaims the hour of love arriv'd;
Now strains in sad despondence flow,
And paint the absent lover's woe;
Then in a gay and alter'd measure
Recal to hope, and point to pleasure!

Thrice struck yon convent-bell aloud
Since here I watch'd each passing cloud,
Again it thunders in mine ears,
Nor Clara yet dispels my cares!

Beneath this high balcony plac'd
With ling'ring hope the hours I waste,
The night is speeding fast away,
In vain the tir'd musicians play ;
O, Cupid! wing but one poor dart
To waken love in Clara's heart !
Oh! paint Alonzo's hopes and fears—
Kind fate! her radiant form appears!
Now, Cynthia, lend thy rays benign,
And witness rival charms to thine!

THE DAY OF MOURNING.

ALONG the peaceful vale resound
The echoes of the tolling bell ;
They reach Indiff'rence through her mound,
And in all hearts, all joy repel.

Silence alone shall reign this day
With flagging wings the zephyrs move ;
Hush'd be the rich harmonious lay !
Still be the music of the grove !

The sun in mists shall veil his head,
And glaring vapours fright the air ;
All nature mourns the honour'd dead,
All nature sorrows o'er his bier !

Worth found asylum in his breast,
 There justice smil'd on charity;
 His heart with glowing truth impress'd,
 Spoke in his honest manly eye.

Vice fled before his rigid frown
 While Virtue brighten'd in his smile;
 Envy's foul shafts fell blunted down,
 And Fraud put by her custom'd guile.

Now must the cavern'd earth receive
 What was, and what soon will be, dust:
 Indulge the dear delight to grieve,
 All else is from remembrance thrust.

See! the grave shaded by the yew
 The mourners trembling crowd its brink;
 Attend the rites in order due,
 And mortals from mortality shrink.

Who shall console the widow's heart ?
 Who soothe the lovely daughter's woes ?
 Who peace restore them ? who impart
 The once-priz'd blessing of repose ?

Methinks I see them wand'ring trace
 Each morn the garden's mazy round,
 Themselves the fairest flow'rs that grace
 The spot where fairest flow'rs abound.

Where recollection calls to view
 The bliss a father's love bestow'd ;
 When youth saw nature pure and true,
 And joy with healthy feeling glow'd.

Sad retrospection of the past !
 Yet is it fondly entertain'd,
 For while the fancy'd visions last,
 A triumph from despair is gain'd.

THE CROWN OF FLOWERS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF DORAT. BASIR 20.

THOUGH Thais with a smile confess'd,
" I'm thine," and made my heart at rest,
Yet on my brow a passing cloud
Circled its oppressive shroud.
" Although, my love, thou smil'st on me,
" I yet within th' horizon see,
" Malice' shafts by Envy sped,
" Destin'd for thy lover's head.
" Does the world approve my lays,
" Attun'd alone to Thais' praise ?
" For since to her my strains belong
" I cannot chuse, but love my song.
" Shall I with a Poet's fire
" The blazon'd trump of fame inspire ?

" I

" Is it enough that ev'ry vein
 " Swell with tides of *burning pain*,
 " And ev'ry lay, to vaults above,
 " Bear the song of tend'rest love,
 " Is this enough t' inscribe my name
 " High upon the rolls of fame?"

Thais said—collecting flow'rs
 Scenting sweet sublunar bow'rs,
 And weaving then before my eyes
 A garland of unrival'd dyes—
 " Take this, and all my answer know,
 " It is the good thy strains bestow;
 " The sweet reward of *letter'd sighs*,
 " And 'tis I who give the prize;
 " Forsake" said she, " the laurel's pride,
 " Nor be its wreaths thy phantom guide;
 " To him are crowns of ROSES due
 " Who sings of love, and kisses balmy dew.

OWEN COURTENAY.

AFFEC-

AFFECTATION.

WITH study'd smiles concealing pride
Thee, squinting nymph, I note,
Thy mincing gait, thy leers, deride,
And fools that on thee gloat.

Enamour'd of distinction's fame
Thy progress knows no end ;
Thou ventur'st boldly for a NAME,
And nothing for a friend.

Yet, friends thou hast—abundance too—
See the long list unfurl'd ;
Spare! spare our eyes—we always knew
Thy most lov'd friend—the WORLD.

He ever is thy friend who feeds
 Thy VANITY'S wide maw ;
 The tickling irritation breeds
 A kindly claw for claw.

'Tis then the myriads go to rack
 Of Authors, Painters, Bards :
 The devil rides upon thy back,
 And nought thy course retards.

Then wit is dullness, dullness wit,
 Imagination, tameness :
 Learning is pomp ; styles are unfit ;
 Variety is sameness.

King's a buffoon, and *Banti* croaks ;
Kemble is rant and noise ;
Jordan is mark'd with vulgar strokes,
 And *Siddons'* action cloy.

Now to *thyself* revert thine eyes,
See where *true merit* shines ;
And that alembic justly prize
Which ev'ry thing *refines*.

Odi profanum vulgus, cry,
Yet pant for general praise ;
Be insulated—yet apply
To all, thy fame to raise.

A WHY,

A WHY, AND A WHEREFORE.

WHO freely comments on his neighbour
Will oft judge wrong, and waste his labour.

One dreary night, as home he ran,
A Sage observ'd a poor BLIND MAN,
Whose hand a lighted torch display'd,
A pitcher on his shoulder laid.
" Pray, simpleton," quoth he, " what use
" To you can that same torch produce ?
" The grateful change of day and night
" Unknown to you—Why bear a light ?"
" 'Tis not for me," the blind returns,
" This blazing torch at midnight burns ;
" I'm poor, nor likely to grow richer,
" And therefore greatly prize my pitcher,
" So fear, lest in the street's rude bustle,
" Some fool, like you, against me justle."

EPI-

EPIGRAMS.

Vox et præterea nihil.

=====
A *VENAL* senator, to revenge some slight
Thrown on him by an *oratorical* wight,
Cry'd, "Prythee dont presumptuously rejoice,
" I grant you eloquence, you are, 'tis true,
" A VOICE and NOTHING"—"Thank ye, Sir,
and you,"
His foe replies, are NOTHING and a VOICE."

Ne plus ultra.

AN itinerant preacher, to make it appear
What a true CHRISTIAN VIRTUE it is to FOR-
BEAR, [strength
Chose his text; and to shew all the argument's
Plac'd it under twelve heads, and went through each
at length: [reaches,
Quoth a wag, "This plain doctrine my faculties
" Mr. Broadbrim himself is the virtue he preaches,
" Who guess'd how much greater our puzzle had
been, [THIRTEEN!"
" If instead of TWELVE heads, he had gone through

The Meteors.

Number 12.

Sit, iudices, sanctum apud vos HUMANISSIMOS HOMINE
hoc poetæ nomen, quod nulla unquam barbaria violavit.

Cicero.

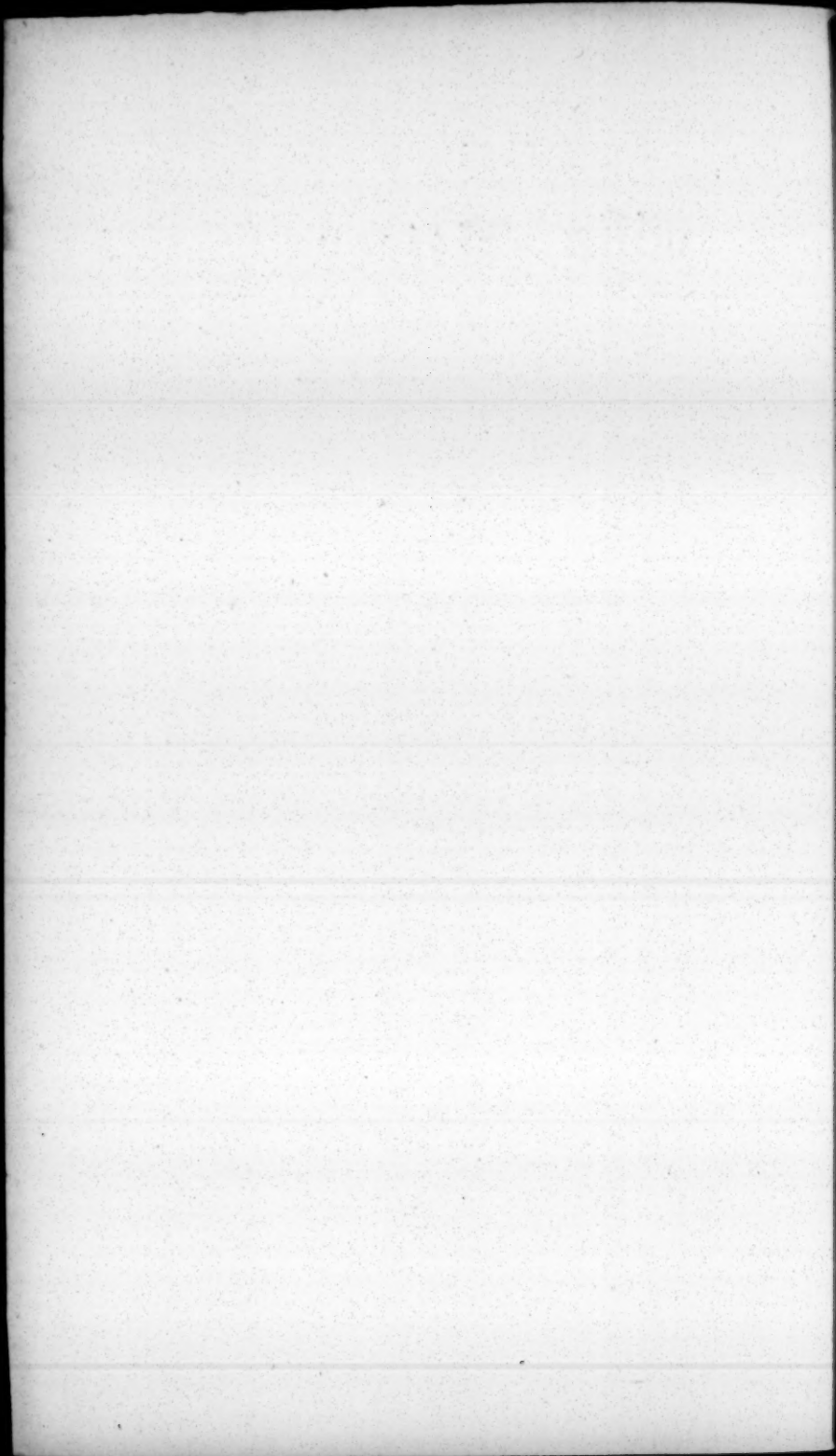
Authors are partial to their *Wit*, 'tis true ;
But are not Critics to their *Judgment* too ?

Pope.

London :

PRINTED AND SOLD BY A. AND J. BLACK, AND H. PARRY,
LEADENHALL-STREET.

1800.



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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*WE hardly know how to acknowledge our obligation to the Writers of the numerous tributes we have received in the course of this Publication. It is indeed, flattering to us, that the Authors of several of the valuable Pieces we have printed should have thought the *Meteors* so worthy of their attention. We have remarked, in our Address with this Volume, that we have attained the completion of our original design; but we cannot help wishing that some abler hands would undertake a Work of a similar nature, and offer a respectable vehicle for the productions of those, who, from various circumstances, decline publishing. It would, in our opinion, tend greatly to the cultivation of true Poetry; for (without entering into a discussion on genius, which neither our present inclination, nor this opportunity will permit,) there can be no doubt but that the attainment of excellence in any art, must be preceded by efforts which have no such pretension. But this is digressive: Our business is to return thanks for the assistance we have received, and we are well assured, that those to whom we offer acknowledgments, have the more valuable thanks of our Readers.*

CONTENTS.

LAST WORDS!

ODE TO SOLITUDE.

THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

STANZAS, ADDRESSED TO A LADY, IN ANSWER
TO " THANKS TO THY CONDUCT, CRUEL
FAIR;" INSERTED IN NO. 10.

ADMONITION.

DON QUIXOTE'S APOLOGY FOR POETRY.

SONNET ON CHATTERTON.

AMOR PATRIÆ.

MAY DAY.

EPIGRAM.

LAST WORDS!

MARK'D with proverbial disgrace,
Comparisons still hold their place;
Though branded " odious," retain
A strength, the Proverb wars in vain.
Perhaps who first at them took huff
Found *three* degrees were not *enough*:
And even now, we might produce
Abundant proofs they're short of use;
Take one to save a long digression,
Founded on general expression.

What shoals this happy land imports,
Of Folks to lead her taste and sports!

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What shoals this happy land imports,
Of Folks to lead her taste and sports!

Cooks, taylors, fiders, singers, dancers!
 (For whatso'er is foreign, answers,)
 And *each*, such is expression's dearth,
 By turns is styl'd, the *first on earth*.

This next, which does not greatly vary,
 May serve by way of corollary.
 A traveller once, in France, 'tis said
 Was shewn Saint John the Baptist's head;
 The Monk who held the relict thought,
 It was not reverenc'd as it ought;
 And cry'd, exulting beyond measure,
 "Our convent holds this *greatest* treasure."
 A smile the traveller almost hid,
 (Kissing the thing as others did,)
 "This is," said he, "so much I'm bless'd,
 "The *fourth* or *fifth* my lips have press'd."

But not excursive, thus, to roam,
 We call our observation home.

To what can we our Work *compare*,
Nor have the *Proverb* interfere?

Perhaps, it will no fancy shock
If we compare it to a clock ;
A clock, too, that has gone its round,
Of *twelve* just striking the *last sound*.
Some folks who like the hours from noon,
Find twelve at night arrive *too soon*,
While others find the day full *long*—
We'll not enquire which side is wrong :
Not ours that question to discuss ;
“ Comparisons are odious.”

“ They are,” perchance some wag exclaims,
Who thus our Work's similitude blames :
“ When once a clock has gone its round,
“ It ceases 'till again 'tis wound ;
“ And you, suspicions so agree,
“ I fear, my friends, have lost the key.”

Now, reader, mark—when thus attack'd,
 We fairly may explain the fact;
 Did it so please us to print more,
 We have a most abundant store.
 A Poet, just resign'd his trade,
 Sold us his stock of *ready-made*;
 For that, no doubt, we paid him *satis*,
 But his *ideas* he gave us *gratis*.
 To prove thy faith is not abus'd,
 Here be the glorious list perus'd!

The stock comprizes various styles
 All neatly rang'd on different files;
 Tragedies, comedies, satires, odes
 And epics, with their episodes;
 Eclogues, and elegies, sonnets, songs,
 Idyls; and *nameless things* in throngs.
 Some are not novel, it is true,
 But then they're *quite as good as new*.

We have, resembling those of Greece,
Ten odes to war—but *one* to peace;
 To hope a hundred, penn'd with care;
 And a *first stanza* to despair.
 An eclogue of the Egyptian kind—
 Kleber—the incident—*left behind*—
 Of songs five hundred, grave and light;
 Some comic—for a Sunday night.
 A *sketch* of liberty in France—
 Description of a gala dance.
 A senator's retreat compar'd
 With Cincinnatus's, declar'd
 A great conception of the Bard.
 Love triumphing in Hymen's chains,
 A *satire* from a cuckold's brains.
 Virtue, a comedy, in taste
 Of modern times, got up in haste.
 An epic poem, Punch and Joan,
 To JOAN Y—Joan of Arc's a drone.
 Bull-baiting, a deep tragedy,
 Of force to make e'en butchers cry;

And some few pieces by whose features
We trace a robbery of the Meteors.

Possess'd of this unfailing stock
'Twere easy to re-wind the clock.
But if 'tis still unapt, we'll smother
This luckless simile in another:
A RACE GROUND—think ye, Sirs, 'twill do?
Observe how eagerly all view
The starting post, and distant aim
Of each competitor for fame;
A prize for which so many scramble,
Some needs must fly, and others amble.
Soon as the mettled steeds set out
How oft opinion veers about!
Now this is foremost—that behind—
And bets shift rapid as the wind:
But when the race is once decided,
Opinion is no more divided.

We've reach'd the end of our career;
Come, neighbours! judge *how* fleet we are!

But

But place us not when we are try'd
 By any HAMBLETONIAN'S * side;
 For though he won by matchless force,
 DIAMOND may be a DECENT HORSE.

* Lest any future critics should be troubled to explain this to posterity, (!!) we beg leave to remark, that, in the eventful close of this eventful eighteenth century, (and the appearance of the Meteors is not among the least of its events) a race at Newmarket, between two extraordinary horses, named Hambletonian and Diamond, was an object, during several months, of the deepest and most extensive interest.

ODE TO SOLITUDE.

WRITTEN IN THE GARDEN OF A MONASTERY,
ON THE DEATH OF A LADY.

YE sacred haunts! ye solemn shades!
Where truth and virtue dwell!
Sorrowing I seek your hallow'd glades,
The force of grief to quell.
And while around your fragrant bow'rs
Bright streamlets gurgling stray;
Here let me waste the ling'ring hours,
And pour the plaintive lay.

Romantic scenes! Ye tune the soul
To harmony and peace;
The busy cares of life controul,
And bid ambition cease.

Thine

Thine is the power—the charm refin'd
 Oh, blissful Solitude!
 To store with tranquil thoughts the mind,
 And make us wise and good.

Pierc'd with distress, of comfort shorn,
 Condemn'd, alas! to prove
 Unknown, unpity'd and forlorn,
 The pangs of hapless love:
 Grateful, I pace your blest retreats
 With measur'd step and slow,
 To sooth this breast—that fiercely beats
 With deep and sullen woe.

Oh, Laura! much regretted maid!
 Since thou canst ne'er return,
 By Cynthia's beam, departed shade!
 I'll seek thy sacred urn.
 And while beneath yon baleful yew
 In peace thy relics sleep
 As memory brings thy charms to view
 I'll think on thee, and weep.

Ah!

Ah! what avail, ye blooming fair!
 The most enchanting face,
 The sparkling eye, the winning air,
 The form of perfect grace!
 Nor beauty's boast, nor virtue's powers
 O'er death can ere prevail,
 "Brush'd by his hand we fall as flowers
 "Before the noontide gale."

Ye few! whose hearts of hallow'd mould
 Sweet sympathy reveal!
 That pearl, beyond the reach of gold,
 Another's woes to feel;
 Oh, come! and to my troubled mind
 A ray of comfort bear!
 Hush every sigh that loads the wind,
 And chase the burning tear.

But, ah! in vain—the passing day
 No more shall see me blest,
 To grief's relentless power a prey
 The furies rend my breast.

I feel

I feel their force my vitals tear,
Yet glory in their might,
For soon these dewy eyes, despair,
Shall close in endless night.

* *

THE

THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

“ PERDITION on the herd! a flying rout
“ Of cheats and robbers! abject as the sands
“ Track'd by our chariot wheels! Shall these escape?
“ Shall these defy us? Gods of Egypt hear;
“ Retard the self-emancipated slaves!
“ Participate our wrath, and let our arm
“ In vengeance overtake them! Once again
“ The fugitives shall labour for your fame!
“ With ceaseless toil prepare the loamy earth,
“ And shape the brick whose durability shall vie
“ E'en with your immortality! Accept
“ Our votive homage, and inspire the host
“ With individual fury! Runagates!
“ Unfetter'd vagrants, soon shall ye resume
“ The bonds your race has borne four hundred
 years!”

Thus

Thus rag'd vindictive Pharoah—Pride and shame
Rack'd the Egyptian Monarch's throbbing heart.
Deceiv'd and mock'd to scorn by Israel's flight,
He gave his soul to vengeance, and had call'd
Forth to the vasty desert all the prime,
The flower of Egypt's youth. In arms they shone
A glittering multitude: The beaming spears
And polish'd casques reflecting on the sand,
The sand itself returning the fierce rays,
Produc'd a dazzling splendor which the eye,
Aching, could scarce sustain; and shot afar
A light resplendent, reaching Israel's tribes,
Who march'd less martial, and were unperceiv'd
As yet by Pharoah's armies. Terror ran
Wild through the weary ranks when they beheld
Their foes approaching, and when now the wheels
Of numerous chariots, with the horses hoofs
And snortings harshly sounded in their ears.
A thousand clamorous voices, all at once
Assail'd the chief who led them: Godlike man!
With all the various knowledge of the time
Deeply imbued, a statesman, and a sage,

He

He was Jehovah's instrument to bring
 His chosen people to the holy land.
 But now that people, thoughtless what they ow'd
 To heaven and Moses, gave a wanton loose
 To slavish passions, remonstrating loud :
 " Were there no graves in Egypt, that we left
 " The soil which had adopted us, to roam
 " Through the wide scorching desert, there to die !
 " Did we not warn thee, Moses, we should sink
 " Before the wrath of Pharoah ? Canst thou save
 " Us and our children from his dreadful sword ?
 " Fools that we were to trust thy specious words,
 " Entangling us in ruin ! Better far
 " To serve in Egypt, than expire here !"
 Indignant Moses thus repell'd their fears.
 " Shame on you, rebels ! Do the mighty works
 " Perform'd in Egypt, now no more retain
 " A place in recollection ? Be it mine
 " To tell you what you were, and what the Lord
 " Hath wrought for your deliv'rance ! how his arm
 " Stretch'd forth, inflicted on your haughty foes
 " His living ire ! but you cow'r beneath

“ Your

" Your glorious destiny ; in vain I speak
 " To practis'd slaves, enamour'd of their chains!"
 He paus'd—when from the midst came forth a sage,
 Abner, by name, a man whose hoary locks
 Denoted long experience, and whose brows
 Thick and contracted o'er his glist'ning eyes
 Mark'd thought intense; yet did his visage shew
 Lively benevolence, and feelings bland.
 In Egypt, long he mourn'd the people's toils
 Enforc'd by tyrant masters: When they fled
 From their vile bonds, and Moses shew'd the path
 That led to freedom, told the pledge of God
 In Canaan's blest and fertile plains to make
 Israel the first of nations, Abner's heart
 Glow'd with the brilliant vision, and attach'd
 Itself thenceforth to Moses, as the rock
 On which all hope was rested: Now he came
 A champion in the cause of God and truth.
 " O, sons of Israel, spare my feeble age"
 (The sage entreated,) " the heart-rending scene
 " Of Moses all-abandon'd! Recollect

He

- " He speaks the voice of God! through him we
 learn'd
 " How the Most High design'd to punish those
 " Who trampled on your necks; and were they not
 " Made dreadful marks of vengeance? Aaron's rod
 " As Moses bade, the miracles perform'd
 " Which not a sorc'rer of the tyrant's court
 " With all his arts could rival: Such the pow'r
 " Jehovah gave his servant! Since we came
 " Forth from the land of bondage, yonder cloud,
 " Shap'd like a monumental pillar, guides
 " Aright our wand'ring steps; by night assumes
 " A fiery form, and blazes in our track.
 " Oh, harden not your hearts with proofs so strong
 " Of God's protection! nor withdraw your trust
 " And confidence from him whom God has made
 " His Word's depositary! act like men!
 " Be valiant! to your chief resign the rest."

They heard the Sage: Attention's pause becalm'd
 Their troubled souls, and now they backward rush'd

On

On faith and hope, expectant of the event.
 Glowing with inspiration, Moses spake:
 "Fear ye not, sons of Israel! stand ye still!
 "Behold the great salvation of the Lord;
 "Interposition wondrous! Yon thick host
 "Of vengeful foes, who now at distance seen,
 "Wear a terrific semblance, from this day
 "Ye see no more for ever! God shall work
 "The Idolators destruction!" Moses ceas'd,
 When from the van to rear the pillar'd cloud
 Remov'd its station, and th' Egyptian sight
 Cut off from Israel, rend'ring all between
 The rival nations, one opaque wide fog
 Lasting throughout the night: But on the side
 Where Israel rested, with its custom'd flame
 The luminary shone, its brilliant fire
 Tinging th' Arabian gulf. With out-stretch'd arm
 Moses demanded of the boist'rous waves
 To yield a passage through the vast profound.
 The waves obey'd his voice; for God had sent
 A strong east wind to blow throughout the night
 The waters to divide; part rush'd beyond

The usual limits of their flow, and left
 Between them and that portion of the sea
 From which the wind impetuously drove
 Their rapid current, a clear sandy path
 Safe for the trav'ler's foot. On either side
 The sea, restrain'd by supernatural bounds,
 Gave Israel unmolested to survey
 Its hidden wonders; with a cautious step,
 Distrustful, did the foremost ranks advance
 To try the vent'rous passage: When they found
 Firm the dry sands, and all the waters fix'd
 By Power miraculous, onwardly they march'd,
 Follow'd by all the tribes in order due.

Sleepless, impatient of the coming dawn,
 The royal Infidel condemn'd the hours
 Of ling'ring night which stay'd him from his foes;
 And e'en before the glowing east proclaim'd
 A rising sun, he drew his myriads forth.
 Loudly along the ocean's pebbled shores
 Resounded then the rough discordant voice

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Of busy preparation. Arms clash'd arms
 In bustling evolution; while the wheels
 Of warlike chariots, rattling o'er the plain,
 Swell'd the strong chorus of the neighing steeds,
 Ardent, inhaling the first gales of morn
 With frolic pleasure. Riot joy'd to think
 What a rich spoil he was about to reap,
 And quaff'd in expectation virgins tears,
 And found soft music in the orphan's cries.
 But when the glorious orb of day appear'd
 Spangling the lustrous sands, when now no more
 The cloud miraculous conceal'd the tribes,
 And the Egyptian host beheld their march
 Through the dry valley of the cloven deep,
 Mute with astonishment the Monarch stood,
 Gazing with strained eyes as though to search
 If yet he saw aright. Awhile doubt held
 His soul entangled; but conviction soon
 Forbade him to dispute the wondrous fact,
 Unparell'd in the time before or since.
 Furious, the tyrant thus express'd his rage:
 " See ye the daring slaves, how through the sea,

“ Which yields them passage, from our arms they
fly!

“ The Power, auspicious to their cause, divides

“ Th’ unwilling waters, and the bondsmen saves.

“ By the pure milk-white crescent (sacred mark)

“ On Apis’ curled front, I swear these slaves

“ Shall not escape us! I defy their Gods!

“ Swift drive the chariots to the yawning deep,

“ Nor let pursuers from pursu’d recoil!”

So saying, on their necks the loosen’d reins
His foaming coursers felt, and down the beach
Fled with an arrow’s speed. Unnumber’d steeds
Ambitious of the chace, their pow’ful nerves
Strain’d to the utmost reach, and spurn’d that earth
With desp’rate hoofs where erst the ocean reign’d
With sov’reignty exclusive.—After march’d
The legions, and half fill’d the briny vale,
Stripp’d of its native floods. They march’d not long,
For through the pillar of the fire and cloud
The God of Israel look’d upon the host,

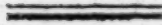
And

And smote it with confusion. Back recoil'd
 The furious horse, impatient of the lash,
 And ev'ry where the weighty chariot-wheels
 So deeply gor'd the bosom of the sands
 That neither force, nor skill could thence remove
 The founder'd carriages of war. Each face
 Presented terror in distorted shape;
 All felt his influence, yet none knew why.
 Moses perceiv'd the uproar from the height
 Which Israel, under heav'nly guidance, gain'd;
 And, by Jehovah gifted, stretch'd again
 His arm, and bade the exil'd waters seek
 Their pristine channel. With tumultuous force
 The chrystal walls broke down, and rush'd along
 With roar tremendous on th' imbattled ranks—
 No more the land was seen; but wide around
 The surface of the waves gay banners swam
 Denoting drowned owners—All was still
 And deathlike—Horror brooded o'er the deep—
 Astonish'd Israel bless'd the Lord; and saw
 The bodies floating slowly to the shore.

STANZAS,

ADDRESSED TO A LADY, IN ANSWER TO
"THANKS TO THY CONDUCT, CRUEL FAIR;"

Inserted in No. 10.



THOUGH late, in rude insulting strains,
I laugh'd at love and thee,
In anger cast aside my chains,
And thought my bosom free ;
Oh, pity Laura, dearest maid!
The rancour I express'd ;
Pity a wretch by passion sway'd,
And lull my cares to rest.

'Tis true, I said, thy lovely face
 No longer I'd admire,
 Thy beauteous form of perfect grace
 No more should raise desire.
 But, ah! how impotent is pride!
 Such bliss thy smiles impart,
 E'en when I strove their power to hide,
 They rul'd my throbbing heart.

In vain o'er flow'ry meads I stray,
 My fancy to delight,
 Nature's best scenes no joys display
 If absent from thy sight.
 Such is thy empire o'er my mind,
 As thou art far or near,
 It feels a transport most refin'd,
 A pang the most severe.]

Ye powers! what urg'd me to declare,
 No charms thy looks disclose,
 If to thy beauty, deem'd so rare,
 Another's we oppose.
 Fair are the nymphs who tread the green,
 In converse oft they shine,
 But none can boast so sweet a mien,
 No wit can equal thine.

To frenzy fir'd, and lost to truth,
 I said I knew no pain,
 If flush'd with hope, some happier youth,
 Thy love should strive to gain.
 But now I feel thy winning smile,
 Should any dare engage,
 No power my fancy should beguile,
 No art my wrath assuage.

Oh, then, the errors of my heart
 Enchanting maid, forgive!
From thee I never more will part,
 With thee enraptur'd live:
Oh, never shall this truant breast
 Despise thy soft controul;
Long shalt thou reign, supremely blest!
 The sov'reign of my soul. * *

ADMONITION.

A LAWYER'S son, fame says not where,
(Nor is it of importance here,)
A powerful magistrate became;
His father *bought* him that great name,
And gave him also this advice;
By all means not to be too nice:
“ Study the world—be rul'd by me,
“ In all decisions mind the—FEE.”

“ All,” cry'd the son, “ that I desire,
“ Is but to emulate my sire;
“ Yet my surprise I cannot hold—
“ What, Sir! must JUSTICE then be *sold*?”

“ Undoubtedly!” the Lawyer said,
And full of anger shook his head;
“ For who so *scarce* a thing, I pray,
“ Think you, for *nothing* gives away?

DON

DON QUIXOTE'S APOLOGY FOR POETRY.

FREELY VERSIFIED.

LIKE some fair virgin who with grace acquir'd,
Completes the conquest native charms inspir'd,
From whom, each bright accomplishment receives
A lustre far transcending what it gives ;
So, heav'n-descended Poetry explores,
All Art's and Science's expanded stores,
And borrowing from the ore those mines unfold,
Converts with sov'reign alchemy to gold.

He, whom the sacred impulse may incline
To bend a votary at the Muse's shrine,
To her alone fulfils his zealous vows,
Nor before Plutus' throne in homage bows;

If

If Taste, and Virtue, but approve his lays,
Still unsolicitous of general praise.

Vain is th' assumption, that in modern times,
No Poet's excellence out-runs his rhymes,
That in the jingle of his verse alone
The worth of ev'ry modern Bard is shewn:
Not from the dead would I despoil their praise,
But let the living share the honour'd bays,
Applaud indiginous fancy, and maintain
The modest Muses in my native Spain;
I smile, when judgment strength of wing denies,
Because the Bard no eagle's pinions vies.
Yet Bards there are who justly meet disdain,
Whose feet the Muse's hallow'd haunts profane.

How oft, in satire's prostituted name,
The world sees candidates enough for fame,
Inimical to worth and merit write,
With no pretension but their own dull spite;

For

For busy Slander's always on the wing,
Protruding ev'ry where her venom'd sting,

Yet may the Muse in satire lash the age,
And oft indignant burn with honest rage,
Foil Vice, when ev'ry champion has fail'd;
And succour Virtue constantly assail'd;
But now no more with wonted zeal she strives,
To curb our conduct, and amend our lives,
New vices growing on the weeded soil,
She hopeless ceases from the endless toil.
But in her name some still profess much zeal,
And doubtless write, as honest, as they feel;
Who rather than suppress a single line,
In which perhaps some lov'd conceit may shine,
Would give a saint to calumny a prey,
And even risque a trip to *Botany Bay!* *

This—hopes the never-fading wreath to wear,
A tame, insipid, sighing, sonneteer!

That

* The isles of Pontus, in the original.

That—with high-sounding epithets invites
 The world to wonder at his tragic flights!
 A third—congratulates himself to see
 How well buffoonry looks in comedy!
 And all, appeal from Aristotle's laws,
 To one criterion---popular applause.

But genuine Poetry at once disdains
 All sordid, grov'ling, and immoral strains;
 And verse is but an image of the mind—
 If this is chasten'd, that will be refin'd,
 Equal the manners, and the numbers move;
 Thus lucid rills the parent fountain prove.

Who therefore pants, with no unhallow'd aim,
 To pace thy temple's porch, recording Fame!
 Where govern'd fancy loves alone to trace
 Such valu'd themes, as worth and wisdom grace;
 If friendly genius deign but to inspire
 Some emanation of his vivid fire—

Much

Much honour from his labours shall redound,
Wherever true urbanity is found.
Kings shall delight, and royal virgins sigh,
To crown the Bard with wreaths that never die;
Wreaths from the tree which scorns the forked fire,
Launch'd from the hand of Jove, provok'd to ire!
Bold emblem, that who wears that sacred crown
Should feel nor malice nor misfortune's frown,
In peaceful glory pass his mortal days,
A nation's honour, and a nation's praise!

SONNET ON CHATTERTON.

☉ CHATTERTON! fair Genius' elder born!
Thou who, oft straying Avon's banks along,
Pour'd forth so sweet thy wildly-warbling song,
With clouds o'ercast arose thy cheerless morn!
All could'st thou brook th' unfeeling taunt of scorn,
The chilling hand of want:—beneath the darts
Of obloquy, and envy's hellish arts,
Too soon, alas, thy spirit sunk forlorn!
Thy features took the pallid hue of care,
Thy bloodshot-eyeballs, starting from thine head,
By fits cast round dread frenzy's vacant glare,
And thy torn heart with throbbing anguish bled.
Rash youth! the direst wrath of heaven to dare,
And drink the bitter draught, that gave thee to the
dead!

Lynn.

W. C.

AMOR PATRIÆ;

Scene—*A romantic mountainous Country in Switzerland; a Company of native Troops defending a Pass.*

FIRST LEADER.

COMPANIONS! here we fix our stand,
A firm, unconquerable band;
With rising energy oppose,
The wide surrounding host of foes.
This rugged pass our hearts shall greet
As holy freedom's last retreat:
Our country's honour yet remains
With him who firm his post maintains.

SECOND LEADER.

Shame on the dastards who submit,
Who to the gallic legions quit
The barriers where their fathers fought,
Where the glorious meed they sought :
But, ah! what falt'ring tongue can speak
That infamy accurst to seek
The bleeding country's breast to bare;
The savage spoiler's path prepare!

FIRST LEADER.

Slaves! let them hug the victor's chains,
And triumph in delusive gains;
Soon shall the misty vision fail,
When short experience draws the veil,
Shews the invader's scourge impend :
A tyrant, where was sought a friend!

SECOND

SECOND LEADER.

Oh, wretched country! ravag'd, torn!
 Of all thy ancient glories shorn!
 'Time was, thy sons at war's alarms
 Would rise unanimous in arms,
 Each daring inroad to repel;
 And conquer'd, or with glory fell.
 But now division spreads around
 Her raven voice of baleful sound.

Once-happy Switzerland, 'twas thine
 In more than warlike fame to shine;
 With thee all peaceful blessings dwelt,
 And Truth spoke what Contentment felt;
 Asserting with an untaught grace
 The value of his native place.
 Where'er thy wand'ring son might roam
 Remembrance fondly clung to home;
 Still Fancy's plastic hand array'd
 A father's cottage on the glade,
 Shelter'd by sloping vine-clad hills,
 Refresh'd by ever murmur'ing rills;

Or where as Pleasure led the way,
 His careless steps were wont to stray;
 And oft some cataract explore,
 Recoiling at its deaf'ning roar;
 High mountains pacing, o'er whose heads
 Perpetual snows stern Winter spreads;
 Whence scarce the aching sight sustains
 The countless wonders of the plains;
 Woods, hamlets, cities, lakes reveal'd,
 Here harvests, there the furrow'd field:
 O soil, with all the virtues blest!
 This breaking heart forbears the rest.

FIRST LEADER.

Hark! gath'ring sounds confus'd I hear;
 Ascend the hill; the cause declare!

SECOND LEADER.

Through yonder vista I survey
 The armed bands in close array;
 Onward they come—

FIRST

FIRST LEADER.

Or foes or friends?——

SECOND LEADER.

No well-known ensign rear'd portends,
Helvetia's warlike sons—Prepare!
The hostile banners load the air.

FIRST LEADER.

Let them approach---our vengeful steel
Shall vindicate our country's weal;
What though we die, as die we must,
Troops of our foes shall press the dust!
And as the blood-stain'd earth they kiss,
Confess the prowess of the Swiss!

MAY

MAY-DAY.

PLANT the May-pole on the lawn,
Now while day begins to dawn,
Ev'ry early flow'ret bring,
Grateful beauties of the spring!
These, in chaplets interwove,
By the hands of Truth and Love,
Plac'd on high shall scent the air,
Or deck the maidens flowing hair.
Bid the pipe and tabor sound,
All shall join the mazy round,
Prolonging this auspicious day,
The immemorial rites of May.

Nature's

Nature's Beauties half reveal'd,
 Crown with verdure, grove and field,
 Promise of autumnal spoils,
 Blessing busy Labour's toils!
 Lowing cattle love to stray,
 Where the hedge-rows yet display,
 Lightly cloth'd their tangling boughs,
 And the op'ning foliage browse:
 Choral warblers glad the plains,
 Pouring wild melodious strains,
 Such as joy delights to hear,—
 Grateful to the love-lorn ear.
 All nature smiles—each bosom feels
 The genial influence **MAY** reveals!

EPI-

EPIGRAM.

FINIS CORONAT OPUS.

QUOTH Euclio, terribly perplex'd,
“ Ten pondrous volumes, notes and text,
“ I've waded through; and now confess
“ My pleasure cannot well be less:
“ In fact it was so very brief,
“ I found it only on *one* leaf,
“ Two monosyllables alone
“ On *that* leaf pleas'd me, I must own:
“ They often charm, I apprehend,
“ When coupled thus they stand——

“ THE END.”



